JOHN SOBIESKI

(SECOND PART)

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

BY

KRISTIEN OSTROWSKI

« Dignior imperio numne Austrius anne Polonus ?
« Odrysias acies his fugat, ille fugit. »
ARMAND DE BEHUNE, évêque du Puy, 1683.

« Les grands noms ne se font qu'en Orient. »
BONAPARTE, 1799.

REPRESENTED AT THE THEATRE OF THE PORTE-SAINT-MARTIN
DECEMBER 25th, 1875.

Translated from the French by
Mrs. LUCIA DUNCAN PYCHOWSKA née COOK.
(WITH A SPLENDID PORTRAIT ON STEEL.)

PARIS
PUBLISHED BY ALPH. LEMERRE,
31, PASSAGE CHOISEUL, 31.

1879

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MAVRIS VERG. APILS IMPRIMIT

Holing. Dujardin Paris.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JOHN III. SOBIESKI, King of Poland.
YAKOUB SOBIESKI, his son.
JEROME LUBOMIRSKI, Knight of Malta.
STEPHEN POTOCKI, Equerry to the King.
COUNT MALIGNY, Envoy of Louis XIV.
KARA-MUSTAPHA, Grand Vizier of the Ottoman army.
SELIM-GHERAY, Tartar Khan.
ANCHAR, his lieutenant.
GIAFFAR, Kislar-aga (of the black race).
MYRRHA, sister of the Sultan, betrothed to the Vizier.
HAIDEE, her attendant.
LEILA, a chanting girl.
MAURO, interpreter, father of Myrrha.
LEOPOLD I., Emperor of Austria.
PRINCE CHARLES OF LORRAINE.
DUKE DE CROY.
COUNT ROGER OF STAREMBERG, Governor of Vienna.
BARON COLLONITS, Grand Chancelor.

POLISH CHIEFS, GERMAN PRINCES, Captives, People of Vienna, Seraglio of Mustapha, etc.

The scene is in the vicinity of Vienna, besieged by the Ottoman army, in 1683.

JOHN SOBIESKI

OR

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA

ACT I

THE TURKISH CAMP

Before the tent of the Vizier, facing Vienna — In the foreground, a stone cross; a band of prisoners guarded by Tartar soldiers. — Some Turkish soldiers extended on the ground. — In the background, the city and the Danube, with a bridge. — Time : five o'clock in the morning.

SCENE I

ANCHAR, Tartar chief; YAKOUB SOBIESKI; STEPHEN POTOCKI; POLISH AND GERMAN PRISONERS.

CHORUS OF MUEZZINS, from above.

Darkness flings aside her veil,
Awakes the son of night!
While we, O great Mohammed, hail
Thine advent, clear and bright!
The firmament with rapture rings,
The universe thy glory sings.

CHORUS OF WOMEN, in the tent of the Vizier.

The dawn has crowned with rosy light
The angel of the day;
Sweet Myrrha, banish sleep with night,
And greet the effulgent ray.
For thee, the pageantry above;
Thine eyes, thy soul, then ope to love!*

---

* The *Chorus* may be omitted *ad libitum*.

ANCHAR.

Come, slave, stand up.

STEPHEN.

I burn with thirst... For love
Of Heaven, some water, if you have a soul.

ANCHAR.

Vile giaour, drink thine own blood!

(He retires.)

YAKOUB, approaching the cross at whose foot Stephen has just fallen.

A Polish soldier!
Those features... and that locket! Yes, I see...
My dearest Stephen!

STEPHEN, rising with effort.

Tears have seared mine eyes...
Can this be Yakoub?

YAKOUB.

Aye! thy brother in arms.

STEPHEN.

Thou, Prince, within this pagan camp!

YAKOUB.

To die
As thou!

STEPHEN.

Live, prince, to avenge my death! Behold
This order from the King, thy father... read!

YAKOUB.

"From this my camp at Warsaw.—Dearest Yakoub,
Remember that my life is bound with thine.
I trust my realm unto the care of God.
This fifteenth day of August, sixteen hundred
And eighty three. Farewell.—John Sobieski."

(Report of a cannon in the distance.)

ANCHAR, approaching.

Up, up! Behold the dawn.

(The prisoners rise; the reveille is heard.)

STEPHEN.

Beneath this cross
A Christian, will I die...

ANCHAR, menacing him.

Again?

YAKOUB.

Forgive!
He 's but a youth!

STEPHEN, giving him a locket.

For you this chain of hair,
Memorial of my mother...

YAKOUB.

Never!

STEPHEN.

Yes,
It is my wish... Take this... the locket holds
Some ashes from my father's tomb, wherein

I hoped to rest... these relics... strew them o'er
My head... Such soil must one day bring forth hosts
To avenge our wrongs. My soul, I leave to God;
My wretched body unto thee, my country,
To thee, O Poland, native land!

YAKOUB.

I swear!

STEPHEN.

This torture ends!... my sister, oh, remember!

YAKOUB.

Yes, brother. Heaven rest thy soul!

(Stephen expires in his arms).

He 's dead!

ANCHAR.

Away, O prince!

(To attendants).

Bear ye this lifeless corpse
To Neustadt burial place.

CHORUS.

Allah smiles, the morning breaks.
The rose unfolds her leaves;
A burning beam her soul awakes,
Her crimson bosom heaves,
Her fragrance has sweet kisses won,
For Allah smiles;—behold the sun!

(The sun rises, the cortege disappears.—In the distance are seen the Danube and the city of Vienna, with the breach in the wall fronting the imperial palace.)

SCENE II

YAKOUB, alone.

This breaks my heart!...
Stephen is free, and free I'll be to-morrow.
Lo! there the conquerors of the Slave and German,
Sons worthy of the deserts whence they sprang.
Where lately bloomed the earth in harvests rich,
Reigns universal ruin; reeks the ground
With Christian blood; Vienna is in flames;
Within this Turkish camp a golden stream
Floods with its pride the souls of men, and breaks
In purple splendours at the captive feet
Of hundred houris. Pleasure holds the rein
With wild delirium and insolence,
And drives the car of fate athwart the West,
Which prostrate lies... Behold our future lot!
Behold the human deluge that o'erwhelms
Our Europe, waves of human life that rise
And rise till they ingulf the Christian world.
Who is there can arrest that swelling sea?
'Tis only thou, my father and my king,
Thou, John Sobieski, whose pure hand was chosen
To call up from their tombs the knightly forms
Of Charlemagne and Baldwin, building thus
A dyke to stem the Oriental torrent—
A dyke with God to say: "Thus far, no farther!"
A captive, I thy victory shall not share...
A death for honour is a birth for glory;
But to live on, obscure, a nameless life,
Bereft of love, of peril—balancing
Between two direst modes of blank despair,

Exile or slavery—such is the fate
Reserved for me upon this nether earth.
To what dread past am I the sacrifice?
Myrrha, my benefactress, and good Mauro!

SCENE III

YAKOUB; MYRRHA; HAIDEE and MAURO
seen in the background.

MYRRHA, in modern Greek costume.

Behold him! always sad!
(Approaching.)
My lord, is't thus
A youthful prisoner, whose fate hath won
Mine interest, insults my friendly pity?
After three days of absence, is one look
Too much to waste upon a kindly greeting?

YAKOUB.

Ah yes, it was thy voice made Selim drop
His poniard; it was thou didst stanch my blood;
And through my sleepless nights 'twas thy pure brow
That bent above the prisoner's weary watch;
And can I to my guardian angel pay
My debt? For thee this flower that I love best...
It blossomed mid the clashing of rude arms.

MYRRHA, takes the flower.

The flower of sweet remembrance!... It is wet
With tears... with blood... and from thy wound per-
[chance.

YAKOUB.

A man proscribed has learned to suffer, but
I bear a wound within my heart that God
Alone can cure.

MYRRHA.

He only? Yes, amid
The wanderings of thy fever, on thy lips
One name mysterious trembled: then, as now,
I saw thy spirit following northward clouds
That floated in the ether. It was not
Thy country's name! Perchance, 'twas thy betrothed
To whom thou sentest some sweet thought?

YAKOUB.

I thought
Upon my mother.

MYRRHA.

Waiting thy return?

YAKOUB.

Our first love is our mother, and our next
Is liberty.

MYRRHA.

Thy mother's name?

YAKOUB.

Is Marie.

MYRRHA, gives him her hand.

'Tis also mine, for in my country, Myrrha
The name is of the Holy Mother of God.
O listen... When I speak to thee of days
Long past, of Cæsars my progenitors,

I feel my heart more strong, more broad my thought!
My father, son of Athens, Candian chief,
Saw fall that rampart of the Eastern Christians;
Banished by Ibrahim, the proud Vizier
Triumphant, fled he into Poland, where
A royal hand was recompense for glory.
One day, amid the Ukraine's boundless plains,
(Whereon the Hetman John Sobieski, passed
From hero into King), my mother ta'en,
Was borne with me to slavery, and sold
Unto the Sultan. Since that fatal day,
This chain, my father's once, is all remains
To me of him... His destiny I know not.

MAURO.

O Myrrha, hope in God! Thou noble child
Of Hellas, unto thee shall be restored
Thy father and thy country.

MYRRHA.

Dearest country,
Yes, thou shalt live again!... My mother died
In giving me a brother, son unto
Her master and her spouse... Amid my dreams
I often see her on her knees before
The dark and haughty Osmanide, to stay
That pride would blast the world. But dark Mustapha,
Companion of the youthful sovereign
In all his pleasures, soon was named Grand Vizier;
Ayesha's son was he, and worthy of
His mother. He it was that Europe made
The seat of war. They caused my mother's death,

But left to me this sign of clemency,
The emblem of her faith, and this bright steel
The symbol of mine own ; for in my breast
There dwells a soul that loveth liberty,
(O name as sweet as sad !) as one may love
A mother lying dead within her tomb.
I, sister to Mohammed, tyrant scorned !
I, wife unto the Vizier when the shouts
Of victory shall say : "Vienna's fallen ! "
I, live a slave ?... No ! rather die in battle !
Far sooner join the mother who awaits me !

YAKOUB.

I recognise in thee my blood, O child
Of Athens.

MYRRHA.

Sterner proof of zeal I wait !
Wilt thou avenge my mother ? save thy country ?

YAKOUB.

I am thy brother... order, I obey.

MYRRHA.

Strike then thy master, and thy country's scourge.

YAKOUB.

Fair liberty ne'er yet was hire for crime !

MYRRHA.

Shall then this poniard end his guilty days ?

YAKOUB.

I am a soldier, no assassin. Given
A loyal combat for a righteous cause,

My heart is valiant, strong and firm my hand;
But striking thus mine enemy in the dark...
Never!

MYRRHA.

A woman's vengeance but insults;
A man does better, kills...

YAKOUB.

A Christian pardons.

MYRRHA.

E'en when a slave?... Then all abandon me!

YAKOUB.

Except the chief who twice has saved the West,
At Chocim, Leopol; and here again,
His people aiding, will to-morrow bear
Severer trial... A messenger brings news
That yesterday by bridge of Tuln he crossed
The Danube, followed by his valiant troops,
Full eighteen thousand soldiers, banners flying.
The Vizier's head is promised to their swords,
And Islam conquered, all the East revives;
Fair Greece, regaining honour, glory, pride,
Shall ope her gates to liberty from plain
Of Marathon to Sparta.

MYRRHA.

The Orient free?
O Yakoub! speak once more. A noble future
Gleams bright before me; 'neath thy words I see
My country rising from her darksome grave...
Thy voice prophetic lends me hope and life,

And should indeed my death atone the avowal,
Which may offend... to thee I give my soul!

GRIES, heard without.

Allah!

HAIDEE, approaching.

'Tis Selim comes!

MYRRHA.

Ah me! and must
I bear his hated presence?

SCENE IV

THE SAME; SELIM; SOLDIERS in the background.

SELIM, imperiously.

Christians, away!

MYRRHA.

Yakoub and Mauro, stay!

SELIM.

Ye both have heard me?

MYRRHA.

By what authority command'st thou here?

SELIM.

I pray thee pardon my surprise; but here
I see two strangers, enemies of Allah;
Thou seemest to forget.

MYRRHA.

Two captives such

As we... (To the Soldiers). Ho! guard this cavalier. I wish
To hear him. As for thee, O Selim, seek
Some fitter way to show a due respect
Unto thy master's sister!

SELIM, aside.

Due respect!

MYRRHA.

What brings thee here?

SELIM,

The Vizier's urgent call.
From forests of Moravia, wherein
I thought to seize a flying Emperor,
The tyrant Leopold, I come to take
Vienna by assault. A river of blood
Alone can quench that brazier, once aflame.
Thou seest if Myrrha's brother well I serve.

MYRRHA.

Thou serv'st him, Selim, thou of thy rude horde
The worthy chief, whose name means slavery
And wrath. Yes, thou, the son of brave John Zrini,
Deliverer of the Magyar race.

SELIM.

Yes, sprung
From Arpad, first among our kings, and now
Sole scion of a race oppressed, I'm known
As Selim-Gheray, last khan of Crimea.
Fortune has named me to avenge my country:
Adopted child of Islam, I obey

No other law, and yield without a murmur
To that fatality which drives me on.
Behold those walls surmounted by a crescent,
The river at our feet ensanguined with
Our blood : then ask how many severed heads,
How many headless corpses strew its shores !
Behold that dungeon rising o'er the ramparts,
Those spectres gathering as our drums are heard—
The long line of my ancestors mown down
By clemency of Leopold, and now
Pursuing him with clamorous cries for vengeance—
That wild anathema which speaks their names
O'ertops the clash of arms, the cannon's roar !
The Orient has risen to punish : he
Who strikes unjustly with the sword, shall by
The sword be stricken. When power becomes perverse,
Tyrannical, inhuman, 'tis the right
Of all enslaved peoples to break their chains.
By me Vienna 's doomed to wrath divine;
Naught shall remain, not even the blackened ruins,
That when the absent Kaiser shall return
To seek the site, not one trace shall be found.

YAKOUB.

Is 't then to quench thy fiery thirst for vengeance
Thou blastest thus both soul and mind, thus mak'st
Whole nations expiate one man's dark sin ?
Dost thou not fear, O Selim, lest the hand
Of God may grave upon thy forehead seal
Of fratricide ? Why goest thou not to beg
The Magyar Tököli, to invoke my King,
John Sobieski, as arbiter 'twixt thee
And Cæsar ?

SELIM.

Sobieski, as arbiter
'Twixt us and Cæsar! By what right, what title?
Behold this parchment signed at Presburg: read!

YAKOUB, reads.

Can this be so? Eight hundred doomed to death?
And this long list of banished?

SELIM.

From his car
Of victory I snatched it. Such his pardon,
And such his glorious deeds!... Thou art a child!
Thou knowest not that man inflexible
As cruel. Mercy is a heavenly flower
Whose perfume ne'er exhales from heart corrupted.
He, just? the assassin! He, magnanimous?
The base poltroon! When, by a generous error,
My father had adopted him, and from
A child had made him man, prince, Emperor,
What did he soon as crowned, the child become
The judge? He turned upon his benefactor,
As traitor and deserter caused his blood
To flow; my mother died of bitterest grief;
And then my sister... in this flood she sank
Beneath the brutal ravisher's foul gaze...
But why revive the torments of my soul?
When can I lead him to the Seven Towers,
To show the scarecrow monster to the crowd,
And nail his head upon the portal's front!

MYRRHA.

Nay, God will ne'er permit so fell a deed!

SELIM.

Your God was ever accomplice unto tyrants.

YAKOUB.

We rest on surer hope than yonder rampart.

SELIM.

Is 't Leopold? Vile slave, didst see him flee?

YAKOUB.

Were I to breathe to thee the noble name
My father bears, O pagan chief, thou 'dst fall
With humbled visage prone upon the earth!

SELIM.

Some serf obscure, some vagabond as thou...
Thou art some spy that serv'st thy king for hire!

YAKOUB, *seizing a sword.*

Thou liest, on my soul!

SELIM, *to his followers.*

Close up. Die, traitor!

MYRRHA.

Back all! in name of the Vizier, your master.
Yakoub, give me that steel... Thou Selim, stay!
Is 't thus thou treadest honour under foot
And strik'st a captive?... Brother, pardon him;
This renegade is all unworthy of
Thy knightly valour!

SELIM.

This is past endurance!

Beware, O Myrrha! That which thou wilt not
Allow to love, fell hate can take, let good
Or ill befall us! As a Magyar love
I thee, but as a Tartar I can hate! (To Yakoub).
Go! join thy tribe... But, by the noble blood
Of Arpad, all ye giaours shall hear amid
The battle's cries John Zrini's fatal name...

SCENE V

THE SAME; ANCHAR coming out of the tent of the Vizier.

ANCHAR.

Khan Selim!...

SELIM.

Who is 't calls?

MAURO.

'Tis thy lieutenant.

ANCHAR, a paper in his hand.

This secret message from the rebel city,
By Staremberg unto the Kaiser sent,
Hath fallen in our hands.

SELIM, passing it to Mauro.

Read on, what is't?

MAURO, reads.

"No single day to lose," the count here writes.

SELIM.

The message is exact!

ANCHAR.

And the reply
Is prompt as flashing steel.

MAURO, reads.

"To-morrow, then!"
Signed "I, Grand Vizier."

SELIM.

Is that all?

ANCHAR.

Look, lower!

MAURO, reads.

"Selim can choose a Christian messenger."

SELIM, to Yakoub.

His will be done... Approach!

YAKOUB.

What wishest thou?

SELIM.

Give thanks unto the Prophet who permits
That thou shouldst fly my hatred and contempt.
Dost wish thy liberty?

YAKOUB.

Who, I! my freedom?
But at what price? Far better death with honour
Than life with infamy.

SELIM.

What haughty fiend
Hath breathed upon thy soul? Repress the pride
That fires thy Polish blood, and answer frankly:
Dost wish thy liberty?

YAKOUB.

Say on.

SELIM.

Thou'lt take
This message, with our chief's reply, to him
Who governs now Vienna... At this price
I here forgive thy ransom.

MYRRHA.

Fare thee well.
Remember Myrrha. Anchar will conduct
Thee to the city walls... Be free!

YAKOUB, going.

I'll do it.

MAURO, pressing his hand.

We meet again, I hope. Announce unto
The Viennese your father Sobieski.

SCENE VI

THE SAME, except YAKOUB.

MYRRHA, looking after him.

Listen, O Selim! Why shouldst thou desire
His death? 'Tis my will he should live. Be warned!

Remember well the Vizier's sons who dared
To love his chief sultana, Fatima.
The Bosphorus received three nameless corpses :
Thou'rt known as his adopted son ; beware !
Or by the wise Mohammed, Osman, or
St. Stephen, for the head of Yakoub, thine
Shall fall...

SELIM.

What! Myrrha...

MYRRHA.

Say no more, enough !
Thou comprehendest, fare thee well ! And Selim,
Until we both shall stand before our God,
Thou ne'er shouldst see my face again.

SCENE VII

SELIM; ANCHAR.

SELIM.

Thou seest;
She drives me hence.

ANCHAR.

With insult on her lips.

SELIM.

What interest binds her to this captive youth ?
Dost know ?

ANCHAR.

And has thine own heart told thee nothing ?

SELIM.

Nothing.

ANCHAR.

He is her lover.

SELIM.

That vile slave?

ANCHAR.

The King of Poland's son!

SELIM.

Speak on!

ANCHAR.

Whilst thou
Wast absent, chance revealed his royal birth;
And also, that they secret converse held
Each evening 'neath this cross...

SELIM, drawing his dagger.

His blood, or thine!

ANCHAR.

The Grand Vizier approaches...

SELIM.

Thus escapes
The traitor!

ANCHAR.

No! I go with him... one word,
And I will strike him...

SELIM.

Seest thou well the words
Deep graven on this poniard's glittering blade?

ANCHAR, reads.

" Selim-ben-Zrini from the mountain Emir. "

SELIM.

To what it toucheth, giveth it a death
As sure as doth the aspic's fatal tooth.

ANCHAR.

The poison of the Upas-tree is prompt;
A strange pain rends the head, a senseless laugh
Is on the lips, and tears stand in the eyes;
A stony sleep soon stills the beating heart...

SELIM.

Go then! 'tis thou must bear the Vizier's firman...

ANCHAR.

I comprehend... And this bright weapon?

SELIM.

Hold!
He dieth, or thy days are numbered... Go!

(Anchar departs.)

SCENE VIII

THE VIZIER KARA-MUSTAPHA; SELIM; GHAFFAR; PASHAS, SUITE.

VIZIER.

Rise, Selim! Heralded by glorious fame,
Thy prompt return presages victory.

Though stranger to our race, I love thee as
A son, and always ready stand to hear
Thy counsel. Here the air is freer, and
The space more ample.

SELIM.

Vizier of Mohammed,
My chief, and mine exemplar in all things,
Thou know'st that Leopold had left his post,
And owed his freedom to a shameful flight.
I saw that tyrant of the Magyars, Slaves,
And Lombards (twenty million men crushed down
Beneath his tread), I say, I saw him crouch
In fear upon his chariot, and by
His side his haughty spouse, who hopes to be
The mother of an endless line of Cæsars.
Full twenty thousand fugitives were seen
Upon the Danube, led by Collonits,
That bailiff with an owlet's visage... He
Who seizes me that incubus shall have
No end of recompense!... But thou dost wish
To try the assault? My chief, I stand here ready...
I left base Leopold to flee away
To inmost depths of his Moravian woods,
But here I bring thee twenty thousand men,
His soldiers; 'tis for thee to order their
Exchange or death. But let us march at once.
To win Vienna needs but one grand effort.

VIZIER.

This day is to the Prophet consecrate;
To Myrrha I belong.

SELIM.

I came for an
Assault, and not to keep a feast!

VIZIER.

And I
Obey the Sultan; thou obeyest me.

SELIM.

To let thee lose a day, would be to let
The Sultan be betrayed.

VIZIER.

Repress these bursts
Of pride which wound thy chief.

SELIM.

Send off this crowd.

VIZIER.

Giaffar, let all depart!

(The Pashas and Suite go out.)

SCENE IX

THE VIZIER; SELIM.

VIZIER.

We are alone.

SELIM.

I pray thee pardon the sincerity
Of one who loves above all truth. Three months
Are passed since Allah signified to us
Vienna must be mine, and then comes Rome!"

The ramparts shattered lie, no help is left,
And yet Vienna stands as at the first.
Three hundred thousand soldiers, full of zeal
And hatred, wait the signal. Shall their hope
Be vain? No time is this for festal shows;
First conquer, triumph after! Solyman,
That wondrous hero, full a century
Ere thou wast born, did medidate beneath
These walls the conquest of the Roman city,
He planned the assault; but meantime, Charles the Fifth,
That favourite of fortune, roused the West.
The Emperor marched; the Sultan blinded, dazed
With radiance of his glory, loosed the prey
And left to him the victory without
A combat. If thou tarriest longer here,
Then fear to fly as he, for all that Charles
The Fifth once was, is John the Third to-day;
The lion of the North, the desert wind
Invincible: by him "the Valiant" ~~said~~ named,
Defeat for thee is possible: for thee
Defeat is sentence sure of death.

VIZIER.

But Selim,
Thou dreamest! That old lion of the North,
Bowed 'neath the weight of years and wide renown,
Will never even think to lead from Poland
An army here. Besides, the ten years truce
Must bar his way.

SELIM.

That truce expires to-morrow.
To-morrow comes he here. Awake, O Vizier,
The peril is extreme. Beware! Beware!

VIZIER.

Let them beware who brave me! Read this paper.
The Serbs, the Lombards, for a certain price,
This night will ope to me the gates, and then,
Without a combat, will the Austrian crown
See shining in our hands its brightest jewel.
The Candian island had for chiefs Beaufort
And Lascaris; its forts and harbour seemed
Impregnable. But surer means than fire,
Than guns and sword. soon won the place for us.—
But thou shalt read the depths within my soul!
'Tis Paris that I crave, the heavenly skies
Of Spain, and Rome, with gardens green upon
The banks of Tiber, spring, eternal spring,
To rock me and inebriate with bliss.
The climax of my life once reached, I wish
To live indeed, to found in Italy
An independent throne whose base shall be
The undivided West. Mine empire vast
Shall stretch from Mossoul to the Ebro's mouths,
Where reigned our ancestors. And such the end
For which through sleepless nights I've toiled in thought,
For which I've gathered here the Asian hordes
That, urged by fear, march on to conquer this
Old West, whose jealous princes are no more
The shepherds of their people, but the wolves!
And now thou better know'st the hopes that fire
My haughty soul: for me, Vienna 's nothing;
I will have Europe in its whole extent!
Expanded 'neath the yoke, my fetters riven,
My fortune leads me on to rule the world.

I need a Zeïd, a heart to bear me up,
An ardent, lofty soul, in short, like thine.

SELIM.

I am the son of Zrini; what wouldst thou
Of me?

VIZIER.

If thou wilt serve my love, O Selim,
Thou shalt be King!

SELIM, aside.

His love!

VIZIER.

The diadem,
The bloody round of gold which falls accursed
From head of treacherous Hapsburg at the feet
Of Tököli, shall be for thee. 'Tis I
Will place it on thy brow, but thou must lend
Thine arm. The Sultan aids us with the gold
We wrest from Cæsar's treasury; and he
Shall Stamboul rule, and thou, the fair Belgrade,
And I, the world!... What thinkest thou, my son?

SELIM.

His son!... All great is Allah! Worthy will
I prove me of the name thou giv'st, and here
I offer thee my blood! May Ishmael's
Own spirit brighten all thy thoughts!

VIZIER.

But here
Comes Giaffar! What his errand?

(Music heard in the tent of the Vizier.)

SCENE X

THE SAME; GIAFFAR; HAIDEE.

GIAFFAR.

Chief, thy bride,
Fair Myrrha ready stands to wear the ring
Of her espoused lord.

VIZIER.

Tell her, her wishes
Commands are to us all.

(Exit Haidee.—To Selim.)

And thou, my son,
Unto thy hero write, the valiant King
Of Poland, that, on payment of one thousand
Good golden ounces, he shall have from me
A band of twenty thousand slaves. The love
He bears his people and his mourning land,
Should speak within his heart more loudly than
His pride; if he persist in fighting, 'tis
At peril of his life; and he shall see
Us one day march into his capital...
Thy hand! Some moments now of prayer and love;
This eve, at Myrrha's side, I'll look for thee.

(Exit, with Giaffar and Suite.)

SCENE XI

SELIM, alone.

He asks for gold when he needs victory!...
And Myrrha!... Myrrha, his espoused wife!...
Never!... Ah! whither leads this jealous rage?
In vain I writhe within my burning chain;

I would be free, but dare not. Shall I then
Have sold my blood, my faith, my soul, have won
The names of renegade and traitor, but
To flaunt my shame on his triumphal car,
And throw my loved one in my rival's arms?
Shall I, John Zrini, give Vienna such
A master?... Anchar must I seek; perchance
This very night Mustapha may be crushed
Beneath my heel, and I once more hold firm
My vengeance lapsing in his drivelling hands.
What sound is that?... Instead of clarion,
The chant of muezzins, wedding choruses!...
Come, let us strike! How soon would cries of death
Replace those festal sounds!... He pressed my hand...
He called me, son... I tremble at that name...
'Tis o'er! Alone remains to me despair,
And death, without my vengeance... Pardon, father...

CHORUS OF MUEZZINS, in tent at back of scene.

Come, Allah's roses, sweetly sing!
Let holy brightness wreathe
The Prophet's head; and perfumes bring,
Ye beauteous maids that breathe
Of Paradise the heavenly air!
Sing, Allah's roses young and fair.

(The door opens, Selim starts back.)

A MUEZZIN, on the threshold.

All glory to Ayesha's son! (Cannon heard.)

SELIM.

To die!
I've said it! What remains but death? O Son
Of Mary, thine my blood...

(He falls before the cross in the foreground.)

I am accursed!

ACT II

THE BETROTHAL

In the tent of the Vizier. — Drapery, scarlet sprinkled with golden stars. — Behind, the standards of the Sultan and of the Prophet, green silk, dotted with silver stars.

SCENE I

THE VIZIER, seated on a divan; near him MYRRHA, veiled (Oriental costume); HAIDEE; LEILA; DERVISHES, HAREM BOYS, WOMEN SLAVES; in the background, MAURO.

LEILA.

(Song of the Bird.)

"O flower of spring, I love thy lips of rose,
Thy balmy breath;
Soon after summer come the frosts of death!
Women and flowers but fleeting charms disclose,
Their day soon done..."
Thus sang the bird, just wakened by the sun.

And said the flower: "If my beauty gleams
But one short day,
That day is worth a month of autumn grey."
O let us gather then the brightest beams
That joy can give;
Fair maids and fragrant flowers, for love we live.

VIZIER.

And such the chant of Saadi, singer sweet
Of roses; such their fate: scarce born to-day,
And fading ere the night. Come, let us haste;
The flower of our love but slowly blooms...
Thy soul hath borrowed from the genii wings,
And seemeth following some mystic dream,
Some echo of celestial harmony.

(He uncovers Myrrha's face.)

I glory in thy beauty, peerless pearl;
I love thy shining locks, thy coral lip,
Thy queenly form that sways as gracefully
As palm-tree mid the breeze in southern isles.
Aurora has thy tints; I would pluck out
The stars from heaven to scatter 'neath thy feet.

MYRRHA.

Vizier, I am a slave.

VIZIER.

Tis true, but till
To-night!... O list! I found thee at Stamboul,
A friendless subject; but to-day, a queen,
My heart's own idol, reignest thou : no dream,
Caprice nor folly, fleeting wish of thine,
But I can find the speedy means to change
For thee to marvellous accomplishment...
To-morrow, as my bride, the conquered kings
Shall serve thy lightest fancies on their knees;
Upon thy forehead pure, the living throne
Of poetry, I place the fairest gems,
Light-flashing diamonds of India...
Thy palace in my camp, all wrought of silk

And gold, shall far outshine the famous mosque
With silver cupolas : the sounding lute,
And clouds of incense sweet are thine... What wouldst
Thou more?...

MYRRHA.

I? nothing!... But I am a slave!...

VIZIER, giving her his ring.

To-morrow thou art free!... This talisman
Is thine; and by the Prophet's ring I swear,
In spite of Allah's curse if rash the vow,
The whole world shall be thine; I yield because
I love thee!...

MYRRHA.

Go, I will remember.

VIZIER.

Two
There are who rule me, Mahmoud and the Sultan;
A thousand times would I give both the throne
Of Islam and the Prophet's heaven, for one
Sweet word of hope, one smile of love.

MYRRHA.

Of hope?...
A flower, broken ere it saw the day;
Of love? I love no more, since they have slain
My mother.

VIZIER

Why this cold disdain, these words
Of bitterness? Canst thou have had some dream
Like unto that with which the angel Eblis

Hath frighted me in sleep? Who can explain
Its lowering menace?

MYRRHA.

To slaves from Athens is
This art familiar. Speak: I will reply.

VIZIER.

It was a festal evening at Stamboul.
The sun had set; the glories of the night
With flaming splendour of the twilight strove,
Each mountain and each palace bathed in light.
Above the giant mosque a crescent shone
Upon whose outstretched silver blazed the name
Mohammed, traced in signs of flaming gold.
That name, reflected from the cupola
That triply crowns the lofty pile, did form
Around the dome a mighty aureole.
And there was Stamboul, glowing with the heat
Of rapt devotion, singing praise to Allah:
When suddenly I see the calm-browed sage,
The Prophet Issa. He advances, lifts
One hand on high, with heavenly love looks down
Upon the crowd who haste to kiss the hem
Of his long, snowy tunic; he has crossed
The threshold, and the prostrate people cry:
"All glory to the Son of Mary!" Then,
The lightning cleaves the sky as flaming sword
Of Gabriel, archangel. Shivered drops
The crescent, which the waves extinguish with
A thundering sound as if a world had fallen.
The earth is trembling 'neath the breath of God,

The sea has fled, the howling winds arise,
And Stamboul is on fire ! I lift my head.
From out the blazing city swiftly rises
A white-winged eagle like a new-made sun,
Scattering sheaves of sparks; and day reborn
Shines full upon a golden cross, where late
The crescent gleamed; one only temple stands;
And loudly shouts the crowd as if a voice
From heaven : "All glory give to Mary's Son !"
A frightful dream ! I see it yet—the pile,
The eagle, and the blazing cross of gold;
They stand before me... there !...

MYRRHA.

The Arab signs
May be consulted, or the words of some
Chance pious verse (She reads). The Prophet says, "All dies
And God alone is great; a festival
Accursed shall end in blood !"

VIZIER.

O leave alone
The Koran ! Little do I care for omens;
"What must be, must," the sages say... And none
Can hope to shun his fate, for Azrael
May strike us at a feast, by day, in battle,
By night, amid our joys : and what is death
But quiet sleep that knows nor grief nor fear ?
Let us but love each other !... Hope deceives,
And faith is but a reed that bends before
The blast;—and glory ? miserable die !—
And friendship ? vile deceit... The whole not worth
The lightest leaf that lends the soothing pipe

Its vaporous incense; grandest strokes of fate
Are naught but fortunate crimes. Be mine these cups
Of gold, this wine, a happy blending of
The roses of Cashmere and Yemen's perfumes.
Sing, Myrrha, an Athenian melody,
A song of that fair land which gave thee birth.
We listen...

MYRRHA.

I obey!... This lyre has thrilled
Above my mother's heart; list you, my friends,
Unto our antique song.

HAIDEE, bringing the lyre.

And thou wilt give
A soul unto these brazen chords?

MYRRHA, in a low voice to Haidee.

Hast thou
Yet seen our captives?

HAIDEE, aside to Myrrha.

'Mong those valiant men
There is not one refuses unto thee
To give his blood and life.

MYRRHA.

Bid them come here;
The peril is extreme.

(She steps upon a bronze pedestal, her hair floating, and her lyre in her hand.—As she preludes, the children group around her.—Melodic recitation.)

My country, where are now the days when love,
Aphrodite-Astarte,

Rose sweet and fair the Ionian waves above,
And brought thee liberty?...
O Athens, rise! thy warriors all are slaves;
Seest thou thy Parthenon, with Germans, Sclaves,
Vile bandit chiefs for kings?
O Lacedæmon! where the strong, the free,
Leonidas, and his brave hundreds three,
Whom Clio proudly sings?

No, no! The soul must live while blood yet flows;
Her glance with passion warms,
Her prostrate form with new-born beauty glows,
Stretched forth her lovely arms!
Fair Greece awakes, "To arms! to arms!" she cries;
"From sleep of slavery and death arise!
Your banners all are blest.
Avenge my tears in base barbarian blood,
O Hellenes! victors, martyrs 'neath the flood,
My children still you rest!"

MAURO, interrupting her.

O Myrrha!...

VIZIER.

Back!
She chants a bold Ionian hymn. As dear
To me the magic harmonies that fill
Thy song, as murmuring breeze and lapse of waves
That mingle in the spring with perfumes sweet
In gardens of the Bosphorus... Sing on!

MYRRHA.

"To arms! As grand as were your noble sires,
Remount your vessels' decks!

Relume on every cape your beacon fires
To light your enemies' wrecks.
O Suli's leopards, leap from cleft and den!
Ye grasp the lightning: blast from human ken
Oppression's fatal tree.
United, you are strong! Ah! let the cross
Tell all the world its gauds are but vile dross
Without true liberty!"

MAURO.

O Lord! We humbly pray thee to fulfil
The holy prophecy.

VIZIER.

'Tis well!... Israel
Upon the advent of Messiah counts;
Byzantium from thy race a sovereign hopes;
I so believe, for so 'tis written... But,
A joyous lay suits better with thy voice
Than rebel chant... The lady Fatima,
Like thee most young and fair, at Stamboul for
One hour forgot her duty, and her fate
Thou wilt remember! Dark the night, and black
The waves; a spectral skiff glides silently:
The waters part and the abyss ingulfs
The criminal and her crime.

MYRRHA, aside.

Thou murderer!

VIZIER.

But thou, thou lovest me, as I well know;
Yet shouldst thou e'er betray, thou followest her!...

Come, Allah's roses! fling aside your veils;
While singing of the stars, intone the praise
Of two supreme delights, of youth and love:
For Myrrha reigns to-day... to-morrow, glory!

LEILA.

(*Song of the Star.*)

Allah reigned alone in darksome space,
Alone and sad;
He made the flowers of heaven the skies to grace,
The deeps were stirred as Eva forth he bade,
Blest Eden's flower,
And earth, through love, was living from that hour.

VIZIER, offering a cup to Myrrha.

To love and thee...

SCENE II

THE SAME; GIAFFAR.

GIAFFAR.

My lord!

VIZIER.

What wilt thou, Giaffar?

GIAFFAR.

Beneath the German city's cursed walls,
A Christian prisoner, who bore thy scroll,
Has wounded unto death a Moslem aga.

VIZIER.

A prisoner?

GIAFFAR.

The same whom Selim charged
With safe delivery of thine answer at
Vienna's gates.

MYRRHA, sets down the cup.

'Tis Yakoub!

VIZIER.

And he has
Escaped?

GIAFFAR.

My guards have seized him, and I bring
This dagger found upon him.

MYRRHA.

Heaven!

VIZIER.

Go, lead
Him here!

SCENE III

THE SAME; YAKOUB, chained.

YAKOUB, perceiving Myrrha.

Myrrha!

MYRRHA, veiling herself.

Speak not!

VIZIER.

Is this the assassin?

GIAFFAR.

'Tis hé!

VIZIER.

Thou slave! a due obeisance make
Unto this sacred emblem!

YAKOUB.

Never yet
Have I bowed down except before my God.

VIZIER.

Well, choose thy punishment; by steel or fire...

YAKOUB.

But little do I care!...

VIZIER.

Wilt thou from rack
Of deadly torture snatched, be thrown unto
The lions of the desert?

MYRRHA.

Oh! beware...

VIZIER.

My handsome Daniel, they are hungry for thee.

YAKOUB.

King Balthazar, my days, as thine, are writ
In heaven...

VIZIER.

Thy name?

YAKOUB.

Yakoub, the son of Marie.

VIZIER.

Thine age?

YAKOUB.

Eighteen.

VIZIER.

Approach; and what thy country?

YAKOUB.

I spring from out a people who fear not
To offer life to God for noble ends.

VIZIER, to Myrha.

This slave has courage!

YAKOUB.

Never will thy pride
A slave make of a Pole!

VIZIER.

My dream!... 'Twas he!...
Be free! I here consent; take off his chains.
Already have Appaffi, Kantemir,
Ducas, Cantacuzene, powerful princes,
The flower of Roumania, Serbia,
And Hungary, the league Ragusan left;
Behold mine almes, daughters of your kings;
Their blood as thine is tinted by the rose...
Wilt live with us, and join thy cause with ours?
I make the offer fairly; master of

Thy fate, such is the price at which I spare
Myself regret condemning thee to death.
It is for thee to choose.

YAKOUB.

What, I' serve thee?
I, dwell with traitors? I, who with the blood
Of my forefathers have inherited
Their love of country and of liberty,
Shall I by base surrender stain my name?
Thou canst not hope that I should stoop so low!...
Such counsel mayst thou give to Selim, khan
Of Tartary, but I—far better death!
A Christian and a Pole, thou soon shalt see
If my blood wears the hue of thine!

VIZIER.

Here, guards!

MYRRHA, throws herself at his feet.

My lord, have mercy!...

VIZIER.

Why these tears? Beware!
Remember Fatima!...

SCENE IV

THE SAME; SELIM, A BAND OF SOLDIERS.

SELIM, in the doorway.

To arms! Vizier,
To arms!

MYRRHA.

O Selim!

VIZIER,

What hath brought thee here.
And wherefore this alarm?

SELIM.

Up, up! The King
John Sobieski's self is close upon us!

VIZIER.

John Sobieski so near! But how? By what
Strange prodigy...

SELIM.

I've seen his vanguard; come!
I tell thee we must fight to conquer now.

VIZIER.

Thy prisoners from Neustadt breaking guard?
The mine is ready; let a torch be flung,
And all is said.

SELIM.

No, no! May Azrael strike me.
Come, lead to the assault, we seek our prey.

VIZIER.

Stay, stay!

SELIM, springing toward the standard.

Ye sons of Islam, young or old...
Yakoub!

YAKOUB.

Thy victim; there behold thy dagger.

SELIM.

And Anchar, slain?

GIAFFAR.

By me his lids were closed.

SELIM.

I will avenge him!...

MYRRHA, throwing herself before him.

Strike! But strike me, if
Thou darest...

VIZIER.

Myrrha!

MYRRHA.

Keep thy promise: "Thine
This talisman; and by the Prophet's ring
I swear, in spite of Allahs's curse if rash
The vow, the whole world shall be thine; I yield
Because I love thee."

SELIM.

Nothing can engage
A true believer for a faithless giaour!

MYRRHA.

Selim, another word, and I will die
With thee!

SELIM.

O! spite! thou lov'st him then?

MYRRHA.

He is
A captive, hence my brother.

SCENE V

THE SAME; ANCHAR, brought in, dying, by Tartar soldiers.

SELIM.

Vengeance!

ANCHAR, coming to himself.

Where
Am I... and what funereal sound awakes me?
Selim... behold... a subtile fire like hell
Burns in my heart...

VIZIER.

The assassin, which is he?

ANCHAR, partly rising.

Yakoub!

YAKOUB, pointing to the poniard.

Thou liest, pagan, thou shouldst know
Yon poniard, Selim's, thine accomplice's!
Had I no right to traverse his design?
But justice have I done in striking thus
The assassin.

VIZIER, throws Anchar a handful of sequins.

Thine, these hundred golden pieces.

ANCHAR.

Thou jestest, Vizier! Gold, unto the dying?
This poison eats my vitals !...

VIZIER, to Mauro.

Save his life,
And thine shall be this collar.

ANCHAR.

Back! I'll die
As dies a true believer 'neath the sacred
Standard...

(He is placed beneath the standard.)

My breast is burning... water!

VIZIER.

Myrrha,
A draught of Cyprian wine for this brave man!

(Myrrha fills the cup.)

ANCHAR.

Away, thou slave accursed! Dost offer wine?
Thou seest my blood which gushes 'neath thy feet.
Such death as mine, be thine... May Allah rend
Thee thus, thou damned pagan!

(He breaks the cup.)

Vizier, look
Thou well! this woman... is a demon... is
Thine evil genius!

(He embraces the standard and falls upon the ground with a laugh of agony.)

Great Mohammed, give

To us the ramparts promised us by Islam !...
Once more unto the breach ! For whom that knell ?...
Alas ! the cross is triumphing ! Yes, there,
Amid the darkness... stands the conqueror :
Yakoub... he comes... 'tis he... thy father...

(He falls at the Vizier's feet.)

VIZIER.

Enough !

GIAFFAR.

Vizier, 'tis o'er... the angel Azrael's fled.
His soul's in paradise...

VIZIER.

Away, ye women !
Hence, hence, and let a martyr's honours be
Bestowed on this believer.

(Anchar is carried out, Selim follows him.—Haidee and the female slaves retire.)

SCENE VI

THE SAME; COUNT MALIGNY.

MALIGNY.

This for thee,
Vizier.

VIZIER.

A letter, and from whom ?

MALIGNY.

The King
Louis the Great!

VIZIER, reads.

"The young Sobieski, our
Dear godson, by his father sent unto
Vienna is among your captives." Day
Of Allah! prosperous day! 'Tis he!

MALIGNY, aside to Yakoub, to whom he gives a scroll.

Here, Prince!
For you alone...

(Yakoub takes it and places in his bosom.)

VIZIER.

"If still he lives, I offer
For ransom of the royal youth, I, Louis,
The half of Austria." But for the King
Most Christian, the half-ransom is not rich.
In liberality I may outdo
His Majesty, and, our exchange accomplished,
I here bespeak an interview at Rome,
On Tiber's storied banks.

MALIGNY.

If Europe wills,
The Orient is free.

VIZIER.

Europe is at
His feet, the East is mine.

MALIGNY.

The universe
Is God's... What answer to my master?

VIZIER.

Say
That he shall hither come to hear me speak it.

MALIGNY.

The conqueror of Rocroy's not the man
To await it long.

VIZIER.

Now, talk to me of Paris.
I trust one day, as victor o'er the king
Thy master, there to dwell; for Allah gives
Me, by this dervish, such assurance.

MALIGNY.

Thou,
An Arab chieftain, wilt invade our France?
Thine ancestors have tried it... witness Tours,
Where lie their bones by vultures gnawed; and such
Must be thy fortune if thy servile hordes
Should ever dare approach our limits; for
That generous soil, that soil so rich in heroes,
Gives ever safe asylum to the vanquished,
But for the oppressor naught holds but a grave.
Thy captive then relinquish; true, mine offers!
And wilt thou not, then seek us mid thy foes!

VIZIER, crushing a flower.

Go, bear to Louis, named the Great, thy king,
Yon flower-de-luce...

(He flings it on the ground.)

MALIGNY, departing.

We meet again.

SCENE VII

THE SAME; except MALIGNY.

VIZIER.

By heaven!
My wishes all are granted! Guard that man!
Yakoub, 'tis thou that mid the German tents
Must show to us this royal scion... Come,
For Allah wills his death!

YAKOUB.

Blasphemer! Thou
Mayst kill me, but at least do not insult.

VIZIER.

A guest is wanting at the lions' banquet.

MYRRHA.

Nay, stay! he must go free and live.

VIZIER.

Diviner,
These arrows take, and read the signs of fate.

DIVINER.

Fate sayeth: "Steel for steel, and blood for blood,
And death for death."

VIZIER, rising.

Then death to every giaour

MYRRHA.

Barbarian! strike me then, for I too am
A Christian.

VIZIER.

Child! thou wanderest in thy thoughts!
Thou? Sister of Mohammed?

MYRRHA.

I Myrrha
Lascaris, can for thy proud lord feel naught
But horror and contempt; to me, he's but
The stepson of Ayesha, Jewess fell,
Whose cunning, jealous rage, did minister
Unto my mother poison! I the ransom
For such a deed — the daughter of the Ukraine,
The child of Athens? Strike! I death await
With soul of Polish maiden, since to die
Sufficeth to win liberty. O fool!
Didst deem that I could live to be thy mate,
The accomplice of my mother's murderer?
Strike home! I wait my share of punishment!

VIZIER.

Ah! I will crush thee!... Giaffar, venge thy lord!

YAKOUB.

Let my blood here suffice, for 'tis my King's.

VIZIER.

What, thou his son?

YAKOUB.

I am.

VIZIER.

O Allah, thou
Art kind! Behold them in my grasp, himself,
His people, and his race. Wert thou but son
Of simple soldier, thou mightst be exchanged,
But son of such a hero, unto us
Thy life becomes a danger. By what sign,
May I indeed be sure that thou art son
Of King Sobieski?

YAKOUB.

By my courage.

VIZIER.

True,
This Yakoub has his master's heart; but 'mid
Your people may be found a thousand low
Pretenders, who all claim from Jaghellon
Descent.

YAKOUB, uncovering a white eagle on his breast.

Well then, by this device!

VIZIER.

An eagle
That hides and cowers!

YAKOUB.

Liar! Here behold
It radiant, and free from stain...

(The march of Sobieski is heard in the distance.)

Dost hear
Those clarions?

VIZIER.

'Tis but the storm that howls
Without!

YAKOUB.

Not so! It is the eagle's cry
Of victory that calls to combat. Look!
How the vast wing that sweepeth past this tent
Doth rend the fragile barrier.

(A violent gust blows in the wall of the tent; in the distance are seen the tops of the hills.)

Dost see
Through yonder fluttering breach the Polish soldiers,
The heroes of the field of Chocim, pass
Athwart the horizon? Vizier, thou wilt know
Those hussars, rocking waves of glittering brass
Enkindled by the sun! My father says
That if the skies were tottering on their base,
Those hardy lances would suffice to hold
Them up! Behold the banner, red and white,
'Tis ours! O yes, 'tis he, the snow-white eagle
Of Boleslas, which from its eyrie as
A thunder-clap will fall upon your heads!...

VIZIER.

Ye sons of great Mohammed, to Vienna!

ALL.

On, to Vienna!

(The Vizier goes toward the standard, a stroke of lightning rends it.

YAKOUB.

Lo! too late! Thou shalt
Be shattered like that standard. Ah, Vizier,

Thou tremblest! There thy conqueror, see!... Oh had
I but mine arms! In John Sobieski's name
I brave you and defy; but you must see
I am his son!

VIZIER.

Thou art indeed... To fight,
Ye faithful, be prepared!

(He gives Mauro a blank sheet signed with his seal).

Now write: "In name
Of Osman and Mohammed Fourth, to thee,
King John Sobieski! If thou wilt hear terms,
To-morrow twenty thousand prisoners
Are free; I wait an answer by thy son:
If not, then will our cannon send their heads
To thee as balls.—Kara-Mustapha, Vizier."

MYRRHA.

All powerful God!

VIZIER.

This festival will close
In blood...

(To Giaffar).

As sign of pardon, bear to him
This sword.

(He tries it and it breaks).

Another! This seems better tempered.
Thus will I break the union of your kings;
To-morrow we will say, "Vienna's ours."
Now go!...

YAKOUB.

The prey of pagans! Rather death
Than slavery!...

VIZIER.

A cross will soon subdue
This savage virtue!... Call Maligny.

(Maligny is brought back by Selim).

Give
This message to his King; thou answerest
To me for him?

YAKOUB.

I answer for myself!

VIZIER.

Then go. To arms! With Selim I await
Thee in an hour!

(At a sign of Myrrha, Mauro goes out; Yakoub in passing near Myrrha gives her the scroll from Maligny.)

SCENE VIII

VIZIER; MYRRHA.

VIZIER.

Well! this young Yakoub, thou
Dost wish that he should live? He shall. I yield
Consent unto thy generous desires.
Through pity thou defend'st these giaours whom
I hate; my victory I suspend; and soon,
I hope, at price of ample ransom, I
May send them to his father; master of
The world, I yield through love for thee; but thou
In thy turn must a grace accord; when chants
The herald of the day, at earliest dawn,

The crown and veil of Fatima thou must
Assume...

MYRRHA.

No, never!

VIZIER.

If within an hour
Yakoub has not returned, the Christian camp
Well mined, will leap into the air ; and if
To-morrow King Sobieski should attempt
Reprisals, to that ring, as wedding gift
I add the head of old Sobieski's son.

(Exit. — Cannonading heard without.)

SCENE IX

MYRRHA, alone.

Go, follow thine accursed destiny!

(Reads the scroll.)

What see I? France applauds our projects. Ah!
Yakoub shall live. My love was just. My heart
Did tell me of his royal birth. How proud,
How noble did he look, when with one word,
The name of his great father, he abased
Their vaunting souls. O son of Sobieski,
I love thee and I envy!... Yes, he must
Be rescued, even at risk of death or of
Dishonour... Perish thou, my love, as fades
The opening blossom, gathered ere the dawn,
Before the sun, the happy lover, drinks
Its perfumed incense... Worthy of him will

I be! For him I die, for him who loves
Me not. To work!...: enough of tears!

(The prisoners enter by the breach at back of tent.)

SCENE X

MYRRHA, MAURO, PRISONERS.

MYRRHA.

My friends,
The hour has struck! Our brothers, fellow slaves,
From Paros, Cyprus, and from Crete, wait but
The signal to arouse the echoes with
Their songs of liberty... The sons of France
Are with us; do ye swear to follow me?

PRISONERS.

We swear!

MYRRHA.

May this day give us all deliv'rance!
Within their camp we'll burn our tyrant masters.

PRISONERS.

Where find we swords to arm us?

MYRRHA.

In their hands!...

A PRISONER.

United, we must conquer.

MAURO.

Hope in God!

MYRRHA.

Yakoub shall yet be saved! I go to tell
His father that all Christian Greece implores
His aid...

PRISONERS.

To arms!

(Exeunt.)

MYRRHA.

This ring will guide me thither.

MAURO, aside.

And must I still remain a stranger toward
My child?... Her heart, I fear me, would betray her.
Receive, my country, yet this sacrifice
I offer to thy welfare!... and to-morrow
Thine ancient splendour shall be thine once more.

(Exit.)

SCENE XI

MYRRHA, alone.

My heart throbs high with ecstasy: the soul
Of an entire people penetrates
My being! I am free at last! Mustapha
Must die; and at that moment must the King
Attack the panic-stricken multitude.
In one day may I undermine the plots
Of tyrants, 'venge mine ancestors, my brethren
Who die in chains, my mother, and my country,
Give Yakoub to his father, and then die
Myself. O children of fair freedom, haste
To me, and second my design; and you,

The sons of glory, stifle in my breast
My slavish terrors and my woman's love!
O holy liberty! to thee my heart,
My soul! Athens, my cradle, banks of sweet
Ilyssus, yours my blood, this young and warm
Life bounding in my veins!... They come!... I see
On yonder hills our brave deliverers,
The haunters of my dreams. They strike the earth!...
It opens and sends forth a 'venging race...
A martyred people bear their chains for arms,
They strike their slayers... glory be to you,
Ye sons of Hellas! Fall, proud Vizier, fall
Beneath my hand! Through me, to-morrow shall
Two nations find their liberty.

(She passes into the Vizier's apartment.)

SCENE XII

(For large theatres)

(On the heights of the Kalenberg, before Vienna. — A slope covered with vineyards and cut by ravines.)

THE KING JOHN SOBIESKI, marching with his army; THE GRAND HETMAN STANISLAS IABLONOWSKI; JEROME LUBOMIRSKI; THE DUKE DE CROY; POLISH AND GERMAN CHIEFS, THE KING'S ESCORT, HUSSARS with eagles' wings on their shoulders. — In the distance is heard the cannonading of the siege.

JOHN, on horseback.

My friends,
Your weary steeds can scarcely stand; our march
Has been a long one, eight and twenty days!

The way was rough: your garments strew the road;
But in the Turkish camp to-morrow you
Shall rest. Within a circling band of fire,
By Selim wrought, Vienna waits us now
Two months; no time to lose. Count Lubomirski,
Convey unto Lorraine this missive. We
Will follow soon. I wish to be the first
To drink the waters of the stream that laves
The walls of yonder city, widowed of
Her rueful emperor.

(Jerome departs. — To the Grand Hetman.)

Good Stanislas,
We must clear out these deep ravines. Lo there!
Turks in a vineyard? What will Allah say?

DE CROY.

'Tis Buda's Pasha, with his janissaries.

JOHN.

My children, there is matter fit to heal
Our miseries; an army, nay, a vast
Seraglio, clad in silk and velvet! Let
Us prove unto these pagans that we still
The soldiers are of Chocim! See, upon
St. Stephen's spire, the crescent which protects
A Christian church; the sign was placed there by
The potent Solyman, who thus would save
The famous temple from the Moslem balls.
Upon that tower, instead of golden crescent,
We 'll place the snow-white eagle. On, once more!
Ere night I must embrace my son; our swords
Shall victors be. Prophetic are my words.

(The army marches on.)

ACT III

CAMP OF CHARLES OF LORRAINE.

A wooded hill. — On the right, the chapel of St. Leopold, with picture of the Madonna; — on the left, a vista over the city and its ramparts; a bridge over the Danube. — In the distance, the Turkish camp and the tent of the Vizier.

SCENE I

CHARLES OF LORRAINE; JEROME LUBOMIRSKI.

CHARLES.

The noble hero comes to succour us,
As said the envoys from this realm and Rome?

JEROME.

I left him at the bridge, across the river;
And by my voice, he thus responds unto
Your message sent him yesterday: "Tell Charles
That I am here; Vienna calls, and I
Make no delay."

CHARLES.

Then is the city saved!
Montjoie and St-Denis! He could not send
A happier message by a better herald!

JEROME.

So fair a speech from Charles of Lorraine duke,
The Emperor's own nephew?

CHARLES.

And his spouse,
The Queen, permitted his departure?

JEROME.

Court
And country spoke in turn for France and Louis,
For Leopold and race of Charlemagne;
One day, the two envoys of Germany
And Rome both sought the monarch's presence: "King,"
Said count Waldstein," the Emperor save!" "O save
The Christian world!" the prelate cried. The King
Replied by calling out the Polish diet,
And thus an army found already mustered.
He said: "We go where glory waits us 'neath
The ramparts of Vienna." He departed,
And now is here. The fair Queen, weeping, gave
Unto her lord his arms, but he, all radiant,
Did gently chide her for her fears. "I weep,"
Said Marie, "and prostrate myself with this
Thy second son, too young to go, before
The pierced feet of Him, our martyred God!"

CHARLES.

A worthy mate for such a King! her soul
Is great indeed. When comes he here?

JEROME.

This eve,
With sixteen squadrons of the Polish van.

CHARLES.

The love of battle wings with eagles' pinions

Your soldiers' feet. Such warriors are rare
In this our world : their mother, Poland, brings
Them nobly forth, and gives them with her wheat,
Her iron, and her glittering salt, an arm
Of strength, a valiant heart, a spirit proud.
And what a King commands them; energy
And constancy are his, who needs of days
But twenty-six to cross the space that lies
'Tween Cracow and Vienna; — where the tongue
That first shall tell him of his son must be
The messenger of death!

JEROME.

The loftier
The soul, the bitterer its grief. He 'd give
As ransom for his son his good right hand.
Now thrice has Poland wrought with her own blood
The crescent's fall, the safety of the Cross.

CHARLES.

A debt we must repay!... But hark, the camp
Awakes upon the river's right!

JEROME.

A shout
Of triumph!

CHARLES.

There, again!

JEROME.

Here comes the King
Of Poland.

SCENE II

THE SAME; JOHN SOBIESKI; MALIGNY; GERMAN PRINCES.

JOHN.

Hail we here the son of Godfrey!

CHARLES.

All hail to Sobieski!—A honoured name
That brings my heart more gladness than the sight
Of Solyma did yield mine ancestor.

JOHN.

Duke Charles, still let us hope! to-night will come
Grand Hetman Iablonowski; we, meantime,
Must all prepare to make sure our success.
You are content?

CHARLES.

What Louis took from me,
Will John Sobieski, no less great, restore.
Most proud am I to serve so famed a master.

JEROME.

Count Maligny.

JOHN.

The French ambassador!
To see you here, is more than cause for hope,
'Tis victory!

MALIGNY.

'Tis known at Paris that
You are that diva's lover.

JOHN.

But her lords
Are Condé and Turenne.

MALIGNY.

The spouses then
Of fickle mistress...

JOHN.

I, perchance...

MALIGNY, gives him a scroll.

To make
Her favours sure, my King here offers you
The Order of the Holy Spirit.

JOHN.

Ah!
This order bids me win; 'tis nobly writ;
I'll answer it to-morrow. Dead in durance,
My father's father leaves to me his vengeance;
And he shall have it. But I seek among
These chiefs, who all have tendered me their wel-
[come,
Another, whom I see not here, my son.
Is Yakoub wounded? Jerome... friend... Prince Charles?
Ye make no answer! 'Tis thy King who speaks.
Tell him that I await him here... Dishonoured?
No, no! he is my son! He then is dead!
But where and how?

JEROME.

O punish me, and be
Inexorable... for your son's a captive.

JOHN.

A captive, he? O miserable man!
My Yakoub, under thine own eyes... Dost see
This mailed arm? I gave to thee my son,
And thou shalt answer unto me for him.

JEROME.

Sire!

JOHN.

Pardon me! the glorious trade of war
Obscureth not, in high nor low, the love
A man must feel toward him who is his hope,
His son!...

JEROME.

May my best blood...

JOHN.

Nay, silence! Let
My soul lament...

CHARLES.

We should depart!

JOHN.

Stay, friends,
These tears... who blames them? They will lessen not
The zeal becomes a soldier... We shall think
Of all the safety of the State requires.
But tell me how he died... as worthy son
Of our dear country?

JEROME.

In the fight at Presburg,

Our banner in his hand, he led the way
Toward Neustadt's camp, and wounded fell beneath
The Tartar arrows...

JOHN.

Wounded in the breast?

CHARLES.

Yes, Sire...

JOHN.

Then God be thanked! The barbarous hordes!
And my page, Stephen? Thou art silent. God!
And I not there to save my child! What can
I tell the Queen!

JEROME.

The time will come when peace,
When victory will give him to us crowned
With glory; all our chiefs are witnesses
How well he fought. I still must deem him captive.

JOHN.

Not so! Thou know'st him not. He ne'er would live
A slave. Charles, you assure me that my son
Has fallen as becomes the brave? as did
My brother Mark, and my progenitor,
Zolkiewski?... generations three have I
To avenge... and I alone...

CHARLES.

Remember your
Own glory!...

JOHN.

Vain delusion!

JEROME.

Think of his
Young brother, Alexander.

JOHN.

Let thy thoughts
Upon his mother rest! Ah me! 'Tis blood
We need... His death has altered nothing! I
Will weep my son when I shall have avenged him.
But now we must be calm. To-morrow, 'neath
These walls, his funeral rites shall glorious be!
Count Jerome, go, call here the chiefs to council.
And you, prince, speak, what is Vienna's state?

SCENE III

JOHN SOBIESKI, CHARLES OF LORRAINE.

CHARLES.

A mournful message from the governor,
This moment sent me by a pious monk,
Interpreter among the enemy,
Will tell you all.

JOHN.

It runs...

CHARLES.

"No single day
To lose."

JOHN.

Reply to Staremberg: "Fear not
Reverse!" What more?

CHARLES.

"Want, hunger, pestilence,
Far more than hostile arms, have thinned our ranks;
And, worst of all, foul traitors lurk within.
The Serbs this night will ope the gates, while mines
Beneath Neustadt will give the foemen way.
Vienna is at bay, and knows no morrow!"

JOHN.

But where's the army?

CHARLES.

Worse is its condition
Than is the city's! All the empire's hope
Lies in the strength of twenty thousand men
Sore stricken by a panic terror. 'T would
Far easier be an oak to grow amid
The desert's sands, than rouse again within
Their frighted souls a victor's hardihood.

JOHN.

What of Mustapha?

CHARLES.

See yon camp of silk
And gold whose pagan splendour stretches wide
Beneath your gaze; the miscreant prefers
Good ransom to the chance of pillage, dark
And treacherous ways to open combat. Thus,
The thunderbolt slips from his weakened grasp.
And such the state of city, camp, and army.

JOHN.

Small merit lies in conquering such a foe.

'Tis well. The Emperor absent, we must act
Without him. Weak the enemy's centre, I
Shall break it, and shall take the wild boar in
His den.

CHARLES.

You think it possible?

JOHN

I've not
One doubt. A leader who, protected by
So vast a host, hath given us time to reach
Vienna, and, without a struggle, post
Our army close beside his own, must be
Like Saul, bereft of reason, and he is
Already beaten. See his camp too, what
Disorder! Is 't not true?

SCENE IV

THE SAME; JEROME; COLLONITS.

COLLONITS.

Is this the King
John Sobieski?

JEROME.

He himself.

COLLONITS, to Jerome.

~~But~~ One word,
I pray; I thought he bore upon his mail
Of gold the royal eagle!

JEROME.

His mail's of brass :
Beneath the breast-plate beats the eagle's heart.

COLLONITS, presenting a scroll bearing the imperial seal.

Sovereign most august....

JOHN.

August, perchance,
But lacking empire.

COLLONITS, reads.

" Learning that our ally,
King John Sobieski with our nephew is,
We here confer on him our sovereign power
O'er all the chiefs and soldiers gathered in
That place. — The emperor of the West and East;
Signed : Leopold the First, by grace of God. "

JEROME.

Of Satan, rather.

JOHN.

Bid the chiefs to enter.

SCENE V

THE SAME; MALIGNY; GERMAN PRINCES, MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

CHARLES.

The empire and the provinces stand here
Before you, Sire.

JOHN, to the leaders.

Draw near! I greet ye, kings
And princes! Never since the days when met
Your ancestors, the famed Crusaders, has
One camp contained so many glorious names.
The Emperor entrusts his cause to this
Good sword. With you to aid, his hope shall be
Fulfilled. The Danube flows 'tween Europe and
Mine army. I have sworn as king to win
Or die! To-morrow, at the break of day,
Stand ready for the fight.

A GERMAN PRINCE.

The odds are heavy:
Ten Turks to every Christian! Let us wait
For reinforcements.

JOHN.

When the field is won,
We'll count the dead.

A SECOND PRINCE.

But our poor people die
Of sheer exhaustion.

JOHN.

Strength we will regain
Upon the battle-field to-morrow.

FIRST PRINCE.

But
The widening breach is crumbling to the earth.

JOHN.

We'll close it with the pagan corpses.

SECOND PRINCE.

But
No place can stand a more than two months' siege.

JOHN.

For victory one day 's enough. May God
Protect our arms!

FIRST PRINCE.

But...

JOHN.

But ye bar my way!...
I come from far to do my work, and with
You or without you must I do it. Let
Some lighted beacons kindled mid these larches
Announce the Polish eagles to Vienna.
Relume the fire of hope within your hearts,
For by this sign
(placing his hand on his sword).
I tell you, we shall conquer.

COLLONITS.

Ah, Sire!

JOHN.

My sceptre rests in Warsaw, here,
The only title that I claim is that
Of general. Now, bend the knee, and swear
Upon this sword to obey me as you would
The Emperor.

GERMAN PRINCES, bowing.

We swear!

JOHN.

May God receive
Your oaths!

SCENE VI

THE SAME; THE DUKE DE CROY.

DE CROY.

The Vizier's envoy, Sire.

JOHN.

Before
You all, and here, shall he his answer have.

COLLONITS, embarrassed.

But, Sire...

JOHN.

Such is my will; here let him come.

DE CROY.

Behold him!

SCENE VII

THE SAME; SELIM; GIAFFAR, SUITE.

(Selim's eyes are bandaged; an officer takes off the covering.)

SELIM.

Thanks I give to destiny,
Which here permits that I should clasp the hand
Of Sobieski, our worthy adversary.
Far in the East thou'rt held invincible,
And Islam's sons have named thee "the Valiant."

JOHN.

Enough; what wishest thou?

SELIM.

To thee alone
I speak. This man?...
(He points to Collouits.)

JOHN.

Remain... The Archduke Charles
And John of Saxony you see, and all
The imperial chiefs.

SELIM.

Except the Emperor!

JOHN.

No matter! To your errand: round us stand
Our judges.

SELIM.

Then, in name of him who sent me,
The Grand Vizier...

JOHN.

The titles spare.

SELIM.

I, Selim
Khan Gheray, messenger of pardon, with
These hands do offer thee or war or peace.
If thou wilt touch this blade, I here prolong
For ten years more the truce of Chocim, which
The Holy Sepulchre secures unto
The Latin Church; and more, I bind myself
To yield to thee full twenty thousand sons
Of Issa, prisoners within our tents,
On payment of one thousand golden ounces.
They all must die if thou attempt to close
This present issue by the sword.

JOHN.

What! I
Make terms upon the eve of battle?—of
A certain triumph? Selim thinks that I
Could sell this Jew my glory? No, he deems
Not so... I, conqueror of Chocim, shall
I sign this peace?

THE PRINCES.

No! no!

JOHN.

Well, Selim; dost
Thou see yon snowy eagle floating in
The breeze? As mountain torrent swift so shall
Ye flee before him!

SELIM.

Seest thou the waves
That dash and boil beneath thy feet? There shall
Ye perish all, I swear...

JOHN.

Try only!

SELIM.

Give
Us way; be prudent! To be brave is well;
But to be wise is better. We are ten
To one.

JOHN.

Too few are ye!... My word is passed;
And he who fights for liberty, can fear
No foe!...

SELIM.

For liberty! I love it too!...
And yet meseems old Austria but ill

Accords with freedom. On thy lips, those words
United first destroy each other. Speak
Thou rather of the pride, ingratitude,
The felonies that underlie and gird
This ancient despotism. Ah! thou com'st
To save these warlike Germans! Thou wilt thus
Betray thy country, and thyself wilt ruin.
Remember Wallenstein! His laurels won
Could not avert the thunderbolt. 'Tis not
Upon the Eastern sky, but northward, that
The star will rise, shall be for you the star
Of death. 'Tis Moscow, whence the czars, your slaves
Of yore, sow war and discord mid your ranks;
Your fiefs of Brandenburg, despots ingrain,
Become their hired executioners;
And Leopold, whose maw is not yet filled,
Is meditating with this man a scheme
Of base partition... Collonits, not so?
For us, our destiny will offer us
In Italy a richer booty than
Your Polish realm. Vienna persecutes,
Vienna hence must be destroyed. Receive,
O Sire, this fair assurance of safe-conduct
With less of pride; for slavery thou serv'st,
Not liberty.

JOHN, tearing it.

I serve but God alone!...
No truce between us while one Pole can hold
A sword! and Selim, bear back to thy lord
Thine insolent advice: I treat with him
But in the Sultan's palace. The exchange
Of pris'ners is a right I cannot cede.

Ye dread the combat; I fear naught but shame.

SELIM.

Shame shalt thou have!... A mundane pride inspires
The haughtiness of thy disdain. For each
And all thy sons has Austria infantas,
And Cæsar's gold has bought yon spotless eagles!
Louis the Great, detested rival, styles
Thee but "His Highness," not "His Majesty."
Do I judge rightly? Am I well informed?

JEROME.

Thou liest!

SELIM.

Who art thou?

JEROME.

I? Lubomirski;
But name thee, Selim, Zrini the renegade!

ALL.

Zrini!

SELIM, drawing his scimitar.

Thou ne'er wilt speak that word again!

JEROME.

Until thou diest!

DE CROY.

Traitor!

JOHN.

Stay!... Your swords
Will find a worthier use upon the field
Of honour. He 's our guest... Go, leave me here
With him; go, all!

SCENE VIII

JOHN SOBIESKI; SELIM.

JOHN.

Khan Selim!

SELIM.

'Tis the name
I bear.

JOHN.

I knew thy father. At the court
Of France, as lovers do when first betrothed,
So did we break a coin between us and
Exchange our vows of amity. Now must
I see the son of that most potent race,
A Zrini, wear the badge of slavery?

SELIM.

Thou art the son of freedom, yet thou serv'st
A tyrant!

JOHN.

Thou, the son of Christian martyr,
Thou diest for the Koran!

SELIM.

I avenge
That martyr, and my cause is just.

JOHN.

Can he
Who loveth not his God his father love?

SELIM.

God wills that blood shall be atoned by blood.

JOHN.

He is all mighty; justice is His right.

SELIM.

And vengeance not less mine!

JOHN.

Dost know the Gospel?

SELIM, despairingly.

Dost thou know slavery?

JOHN.

O soul as false
As weak! When all the West, the peoples and
The kings, are gathering round the Cross to stem
The torrent threatening the fall of Europe,
When all cry, "God has willed it!" must indeed
A Zrini join the foe, and leave the name
Thrice cursed of Selim Khan the renegade,
To endless ages of opprobrium?
O shades of great Corvinus, Huniades,
O ye, whose life was one Crusade for Christ
And liberty, behold your son a traitor,
A base apostate, who has sold his soul
To Asiatic tyrants! Rise, John Zrini,
Thou holy martyr, rise! Come, break thy scutcheon,
Tarnished by thine unworthy son. The fate
Of twenty nations in the balance hangs.
O come and curse this parricide, thy child!

SELIM, his hand on his sword.

Enough, I tell thee; by my father's blood,
Enough! If thou couldst count the tears within
That well of bitterness, my broken heart,

Thou wouldst not curse, but wouldst thyself absolve.
Alas! each atom of this shuddering soil
Will stain with blood the foot that treads upon it.
And 'tis my native land! And yonder palace!
Within its silent vaults my father died
By the assassin's hand. My father! Ah!
He stretches out his chained hands to bless
His son; he asks me for revenge. His head,
His sacred head, that raging battle spared,
Fell there beneath the axe. And for what crime,
O Heaven, that strangely rigorous doom? Because
He rendered homage unto God as bade
His heart, because he deemed that man to man
Is brother in the creeds of Greece or Rome.
Hear all... I curse the day that flung me at
The Vizier's feet... His baseness shames me oft;
But then I think upon my sister, dead
In slavery, my father doomed to die
A rebel's death... ye ask for justice... there
Ye stand... and ye shall have it. I have sworn.

JOHN.

This fratricidal vow has then more weight
Than that thou took'st in baptism?... God alone
Can change thy will. Avenge thy father! I
Must 'venge my son.

(Yakoub and Maligny in the background.)

SELIM.

Behold!

JOHN.

Yakoub!... my son...

(Exit Selim with Maligny.)

SCENE IX

JOHN SOBIESKI; YAKOUB.

JOHN.

O destiny, I brave thee! It is thou,
Alive and free!

YAKOUB.

Yes, living, but a slave.

JOHN.

A slave? But who can be more free than thou,
Son to a soldier whom his people have
Made king! And since the hostile chief proposes
The exchange of all our prisoners...

YAKOUB.

Of all?

JOHN.

Yes, all!

YAKOUB.

'Tis strange... Thou dost not know...

JOHN.

What then?

YAKOUB.

That when I shall return, to-night...

JOHN.

Speak on!...

YAKOUB.

Thou wilt accept?

JOHN.

It is my holiest duty.

YAKOUB.

Thou fight'st?

JOHN.

To-morrow.

YAKOUB.

And wilt conquer?

JOHN.

So
I hope; with thee we conquer; am I not
Thy father?

YAKOUB.

And with thee will fight a slave
Heroic, she who saved my life.

JOHN.

Her name?

YAKOUB.

Is Myrrha.

JOHN.

Son, upon thy mother think,
Not of thy mistress; how thy sisters will
Embrace us; sweet the kisses printed on
Thy forehead as a welcome home!

YAKOUB, aside.

My mother!
And must I die?
(To his father.)
When next thou greetest her,
Give her my arms and this medallion.

JOHN.

What!
In tears, my son?

YAKOUB, about to depart.

My courage fails. Bless me,

My father!

(Kneels.)

JOHN.

Where goest thou?

YAKOUB.

To pay my ransom,
As I have promised....

JOHN.

Speak the truth! Thou goest
To die.

YAKOUB.

Yes, honour's voice recalls me! If
I stay, I live and die in infamy.
Read this!

JOHN, reads.

A message from the Grand Vizier!
"To-morrow, twenty thousand prisoners
Are free, if thou wilt grant my terms; if not,
Our cannon will return their heads to thee
As balls. Thy son will bear thine answer." Fight,
Or fly? Mine honour doth command the fray.
What counsellest thou?

YAKOUB.

To conquer!

JOHN.

Noble son!
But thee I'll keep at price of victory.

YAKOUB, rising.

Am I, thy son, to tarnish thy just glory?

JOHN.

My glory thine is, but thy days are mine

YAKOUB.

They are my God's, my people's, and my king's.

JOHN.

My life's hope closed within an early tomb!

YAKOUB.

But if I fall, 'tis thine to avenge my death.

JOHN.

And must I find thee but to lose again?

YAKOUB.

The prisoners are waiting my return.

JOHN.

If thou returnest, thou must die... Yakoub!
What wilt thou do?

YAKOUB.

And thou, if thou hadst promised,
What wouldst thou do, my father?

JOHN.

I?

YAKOUB.

Yes, thou!

JOHN, energetically.

I would go back!

YAKOUB.

As well I knew! Live thou
To guard thine honour, I will die for mine.

JOHN.

But how?

YAKOUB.

Upon a cross.

JOHN.

Great God! But this
Is martyrdom!

YAKOUB.

An humble follower
Of Mary's son, this death which calls me now
Will one day throw immortal glory round
My fetters. It is well to die when such
A death can save the Christian world.

JOHN.

To live
Without thee... O my son...

YAKOUB.

Thou weepest... Why
Then pity me? All power is vain unless
True freedom underlie it; thrones have but
Small worth for noble souls. Mayhap, indeed,
If I were king, contempt, abandonment,
The meed of lesser virtue, might the son
Make blush to think upon his father's glory.
Exile, perchance, more cruel far than death...
No! I will die while young, and die without
Remorse, in all my strength, and offering to
My native land a soul unflecked by time...
When thou hast triumphed, thou wilt see our country,
All Poland, on its knees, weeping a son
Not all unworthy of a hero such
As thou. Now must I go.

(The hour strikes in the distance.)

I hear the voice
Of God recalling me.

JOHN.

At eighteen years
To die, when life is all so fair! And must
We part while yet this stricken soul dares not
Applaud thy virtue! If thou diest, who
Can be my glory's heir? With thee, I feel
The highest meed of victory depart;
But yet thy father will be worthy of thee!
Come hither all!

SCENE X

THE SAME; CHARLES OF LORRAINE; JEROME; MALIGNY; DE CROY; GERMAN PRINCES.

JEROME, throwing himself into Yakoub's arms.

Yakoub!

JOHN.

The eldest son
Of him who is thy King, his country's pride;
Who would be king himself, if virtue could
Confer a diadem; my son prefers
The call of glory to my happiness,
And he returns to die. Lorraine and Jerome,
As soon as shall appear the eagles of
Our kingdom, let three cannon shots give us
The news... My brother, be consoled; my son
Shall be avenged.

JEROME.

'Tis thou indeed!...

YAKOUB.

Speak not.
Dost see his bitter grief?...

CHARLES, kneeling at Sobieski's feet.

I pray you, mercy!

I ask it in his country's name.

JEROME, does likewise.

And I,
In name of his poor mother!

JOHN, authoritatively.

Rise!... Call Selim.

JEROME.

Come, renegade!...

SCENE XI

THE SAME; SELIM; GIAFFAR, SUITE.

JOHN.

Go, say unto Mustapha
That he prepare for combat at the dawn
Of day.

SELIM

But ye are rash!

JOHN.

Our brothers' ransom,
The thousand golden ounces, take; and bear
This sword unto thy master... he will need it;
There is no other message. Go!

SELIM.

But he,
Thy son?

JOHN.

My son!... thou followest him... I bless thee.
'Tis thou who oughtest to survive me... Go,
And save our captives... On mine honour, till
The dawn the fight will not begin. Farewell!

(Yakoub tears himself from his father's arms and departs with Selim and Giaffar.)

ACT IV

SELIM—ZRINI.

SCENE I

JOHN SOBIESKI, seated alone, near a large table covered with maps and plans, and holding in his hand a portrait.

JOHN.

To-morrow... cherished image, inspire my thought!
As the bow still vibrates when the arrow's sped,
So may despair, by devious route, still reach
The goal. My son must die... to-morrow, my
Last battle... Fatal enterprise! O honour,
Thou bond of iron fettering my strength
And crushing! I had counted on the help
Of Cæsar... fatal error! Now I hope
For naught from men nor fate, and Leopold
I read in his base minister... But what
Wild words are traced by spectral hand before
My dazed vision? "Though thy son may die
A hero's death, yet may defeat..." My God!
Thou wilt not suffer that my son should die
Like Mark, my brother, and yet both may lack
Requital on the foe... Away such thought!
And yet I could but choose between two wrongs.
Could I have offered twenty thousand dead
To save his life? My father, what wouldst thou
Have done? What would their mothers say to me?
Ah yes, but then his own!... O happiness,
O love, ye are but hollow, idle phantoms!

Far happier I as soldier than as king.
Wherefore this crown upon my brazen casque?
My soul has had enough of its false glitter,
And heavier weighs the sceptre in my hand
Than doth the sword... And was I not his father
Before they made me king? Since I have won
This fatal eminence I' ve striven day
By day with this good sword to tear piecemeal
His conquests from the thousand headed monster.
And when the iron breaks, when fails my strength,
The dead thing wakes... it rises, stands upright!...
Around Vienna roll uncoiled its rings;
Toward Rome, the Vatican, it wends its way;
Less strong by arms than by corrupting gold,
It vomits forth its venom o'er the world.
Martel and Charlemagne! The French on Rhine
And Loire have failed to evoke your mighty shades.
Alone I dare the deed. To-morrow I
Must strike the sons of Islam, wrest from them
Their first and noblest prey, fair, hapless Greece,
Unite the Christians of the East and West,
And wake the echoes of the Parthenon
With glorious names resounding, mid the cries
Of our white eagles, onward flying till
They've wrenched the Sepulchre of God made man
From stranger hands. By thee, O Holy Tomb!
I've sworn to save Vienna, Rome: God wills
It, I obey!...

(Rises).

No, no! thou shalt not die
Without thy glory, O my country! If
Confederate kings, of a free people jealous,

Destroy the old world's equilibrium
And nail thine arms upon the shameful cross;
If thine own children say to thee: "Thou diest,"
By me, John Sobieski, and by this day,
Thy name shall be encircled with so bright
An aureole, that future generations
Shall see its splendour shining on thy tomb,
As if thou wert the martyred Christ of nations.
Thy name shall be synonymous with honour,
With freedom, victory; and in the day
Of expiation shall thy prostrate foes,
Thine executioners, behold thee rise
From out the bosom of the grave, as if
Another resurrection-day had dawned.
Thy God shall call thee forth, His chosen child,
A living, though long buried Lazarus!
No signal yet?... my son!...

(He falls on a seat, his forehead in his hands.)

SCENE II

JOHN SOBIESKI; JEROME.

JEROME.

A Moslem slave.
A woman, audience asks of thee.

JOHN.

Of me?

JEROME.

She brings a message.

JOHN.

Yet again?... Leave us.

SCENE III

JOHN SOBIESKI; MYRRHA.

MYRRHA, throwing aside her veil.

Behold him! Suffer me to embrace thy knees,
O thou whom Greece awaits as once the race
Of men awaited Him who was to save
The doomed world.

JOHN.

What brings thee?

MYRRHA.

Come I here
In name of Yakoub.

JOHN.

Of my son?... speak low!...
And thou hast rescued him?

MYRRHA.

I love him!...

JOHN, rising.

He
Returneth?... I again shall see him?

MYRRHA.

Yes;
And soon, I hope. He said to me: "Go thou,
My sister, go console my father; at
The price of my frail life he long shall live
Triumphant. May he find in thee the heart,
The loving heart of his dear son!"

JOHN.

Thy name?

MYRRHA.

I was the Grand Vizier's betrothed bride.
Behold this ring...

JOHN, reads.

Myrrha!

MYRRHA.

My thought gave strength,
And I to Selim promised love and life
If he, before the close of day, would yield
To thee his colours. Ah! I thought to slay
His master, but my mother's image stayed
My hand... mine arm was powerless. This ring
Gave me safe-conduct to the prisoners' camp
At Neustadt. There I saw thy son, who brought
The ransom for our men: not one would buy
His freedom. They would fight. "Then let us march,"
Cried Yakoub; "follow me, ye sons of Hellas!"
Our country's hymn re-echoed through the plain,
And I am come to seek thine aid for him,
Their leader; all would rather die than live
Bereft of him!...

JOHN.

Alas!... no signal yet!

MYRRHA.

Why hesitate? The instrument of torture
Stands ready... Can thine arm have lost its strength?
But haste thee; every moment is of value.
Give order for the combat, or thy son
Must die.

JOHN.

Great God! does our self-conquest count

For naught, and must the struggle be renewed?
Who can give heart to such as never had it?
I see them throw aside their swords, their shields!
Who then will lead them?

MYRRHA.

Thou!

JOHN.

I cannot! No!
The brave may be o'ercome, invincible
The coward!... Must I here await my people?
And were they here, would not mine oath enchain
Me to this spot, whence I must see my son
Pour out his brave young life upon the cross?
His last words call me: "Save me, father!" Then
With cry of agony, his soul departs!

MYRRHA.

But haste thee. Whence that pallor on thy brow?
Canst thou be John Sobieski? Have I not
Mistaken some poor craven soul for that
Great hero? Yet, I see a sword within
Thy grasp!

JOHN.

To-morrow! I have sworn it on
My faith. If there were one could conquer when
I should be gone, I would, as simple soldier,
My hauberk thrown aside, with this right arm
(Well known to them) asunder thrust the throng
Of pagans, crying, "Son, I come... I love thee,
And thus I prove it!" But, not one among them,
Yakoub alone!... and he must die. The head,
The army's chief, I must, must live, must save

The empire. Malediction on the oath
I took upon mine honour. It will cost
My son his life.

MYRRHA.

Thine honour! Dost not hear
A voice that louder calls than oath or country?
A voice that bids thee save thy son, if he
Still live? Is it set down in honour's code
That fathers murder their own children? We
For him would shed the last drop in our veins!
But if our prayers are vain, if Myrrha's tears
Are powerless to move thy soul, oh! think
Upon the tears of his poor mother. She
Will curse thee that thou didst not save her son!

JOHN.

No more! Cease!

MYRRHA.

Glory never can be meed
Of homicide, nor can I think a King,
A father, could be called upon to give
His son to save a tyrant, and to glut
The Koran's sword which hangs suspended o'er
His head; and if it falls, thy future and
Thy glorious past both die upon his tomb.
The world may say the father balanced well
The ignoble price for which he sold his son.
What can I plead? Alas, his mother would
Have found a surer way to reach thy heart;
But I, to bend thee, nothing have but tears.
If thou wilt come, he lives; if thou delayest,
I too must die!

JOHN.

Great God in heaven! Thou
Alone canst comprehend my anguish, Thou
Who gav'st thine only Son to save the world!

MYRRHA, *rising and speaking bitterly.*

And this is he, the hero world-renowned,
The glorious King! and he betrays his child.
What then is glory? 'Tis a glittering veil
That stifles in its folds that heart of thine,
A heart as icy cold as if the hand
Of death already clutched it. Soul of flint,
I curse thee! May thy demon, pride, with sting
Of viper pierce thine obdurate breast. Thou grievest!
And wherefore, since thou'rt not his father. Oh!
A King can have no children; no, no more
Than can a headsman!

JOHN.

Silence!

MYRRHA.

Fare thee well!

SCENE IV

THE SAME; MAURO, *a sword in his hand.*

MAURO.

Myrrha!

MYRRHA.

O Mauro!

MAURO.

Having learned our aim,
The Grand Vizier has undermined the camp.

His wrath will send us all to fiery death.
Yakoub alone beats back the Spahis; he
May fall beneath their whelming numbers, but
Amid his brethren, with a chant of glory.

MYRRHA.

O list that cry! Dost leave to me to avenge
His death? Come, Mauro! King, perchance thy son
May even now be hanging on his cross.
And can he bless his father?

JOHN.

Stay! enough!
Thou seest... I weep... These tears ask blood! Lorraine,
Come hither! I must go!

MYRRHA.

At last!

SCENE V

THE SAME; CHARLES OF LORRAINE; JEROME; DE CROY; then COLLONITS, and the people of Vienna.

CHARLES.

Ah! Sire,
The Turks are gathering at the rampart's base;
The Tartars from Azof have flung aside
Their bows and arrows, and, their sabres 'tween
Their teeth, are pouring through the breach; fire spreads
On every side; within one hour the town,
Our German capital, must pass into
Their hands...

JOHN.

Thus destiny doth free me from
Mine oath, and I at least can die as doth
Become a King, my sabre in my hand.
I thank thee, Vizier, thank thee heartily!

(The light of day begins to diminish.)

COLLONITS, rushing in, followed by the people.

Fly! fly!

JOHN.

What means this insult?

COLLONITS.

Fly! our cause
Is lost!

(A cannon shot heard on the right.)

JOHN.

Is won!... O listen! 'Tis the signal.

MYRRHA, supplicatingly.

My lord, is this a time for tears, when blood
In torrents flows?

(A second cannon shot.)

JOHN.

No! no more tears! To arms!

(A third cannon shot.)

O victory! they come, my faithful Poles!
My heart's ablaze; I know myself once more.
Come here, Lorraine. Dost see that avalanche
Of armed riders thundering down yon steep?
'Tis he, the Grand Hetman, and my gallant knights
With eagle-pinioned shoulders. Haste, my friends;
My son is there, in peril, haste! One then

May live a century in one day!

(The day gradually darkens.)

But all
Grows dim... What sudden night! A dusky shroud
Enwraps the earth...

(Takes out his watch.)

But three o'clock... and day
Seems ended! See upon the sun's broad disk
A shadow as if Death himself from earth
To heaven were opening out his mighty wings.

COLLONITS, striking his breast.

O spare me, Lord!...

JEROME.

I have it! On this day
A learned Polish seer foretold the sun's
Eclipse.

CHARLES.

A fateful hour... our work will be
The easier; and the Grand Hetman now
Can join us with his forces, ere the blow
Be struck.

JOHN.

And by this sign does Heaven declare
For us. All honour be to thee, O great
Copernicus! When thou didst say to earth:
"Be humble follower of the star of day,"
Thou placedst at the centre that bright orb...
Come, let us pray that we again may see
His beams.

(On the threshold of the chapel.)

O Thou, who with one word didst call

To being this immensity of light,
Allume the sun of Faith in every place,
That all the universe may worship Thee
As we do now!...

(Selim appears in the background, wearing Yakoub's cloak, and followed by a Tartar soldier.)

SELIM.

Go! Three lines of attack
See formed at once!

(The Tartar goes.)

MAURO.

Accept his prayer, O Thou,
The Lord of Hosts!

(They enter the chapel.— The eclipse darkens the distance; finally the foreground.— A lamp burns before the altar of the Madonna.)

SCENE VI

MYRRHA; SELIM, in the background.

MYRRHA.

Here will I pray for him...
What horror overhangs the land! I fear...
Is this the promised hour when in the vale
Of Josaphat the nations shall arise
And God will judge them?

(The darkness becomes entire.)

SELIM, from the background, and aside.

Myrrha!

MYRRHA.

In this shrine

A child... a woman... O my mother! One
Might think the Babe was really living! See
How tenderly he stretches forth his arms!

(She kneels).

O Mary, Holy Virgin! morning Star!
My dearest patroness, protect us!

SELIM, approaching.

Myrrha!

MYRRHA.

But whence this dread! I hear the sound of footsteps.
Is't thou, O Yakoub?

SELIM as a flash of lightning discovers him.

Myrrha, it is I!

MYRRHA.

Selim?

SELIM.

Yes, I, his conqueror! By aid
Of this so sudden darkness and the cloak
Of Yakoub have I reached thee. Come, and I
Will put the Danube 'twixt us and his King.

MYRRHA.

Never!

SELIM.

We are alone... fear thou to rouse
My hate! Behold! Remember that a plot
Fast binds us in its folds:

(Reads).

"To Selim do
I promise life and love, if he will yield
His colours ere the close of day.—Myrrha."

MYRRHA.

I trust thee not!

SELIM, seizes her.

Come; thou must follow me,
Or at this moment Yakoub dies!... At first
Shot fired by one of thine adherents will
The mine explode, and all the Christian camp
Be buried in the ruin...

MYRRHA, getting possession of his dagger.

Hence! Away,
I tell thee, or, by this Madonna, will
I pierce my heart!

(She breaks away fom him and clings to the altar.)

SELIM.

I shudder... Pardon!... If
Thou diest, I too die... An orphaned son
Of Magyar race, of martyred father, crushed
Beneath the feet of Cæsar, went I with
My bleeding heart to beg for arms at Stamboul;
And there I saw thee aiding thy poor brethren,
And turning oft aside the arm that hung
Suspended o'er them... Thou to me didst seem
So touching and so lovely that I did
Forget the oath that bound me. Seeing thee,
All vanished, country, honour, duty! Myrrha!
If thou but knewest the wild flood of thoughts
That surges through my soul! Forgotten by
My God, I have not known in life one day
Of happiness. O life! what art thou but
A wildered dream, a bitter irony?
What had I done that God should give me life

To suffer only, suffer always, and
Alone, alike incapable of death
Or living truly. 'Reft of hope and faith,
I lead a life accursed; I hate that world,
That abject world, which thrusts me from it; but
With all his soul, Selim doth love thee, Myrrha.

MYRRHA.

I pity thee!... But thou must see the hand
Of fate divides us in this world and in
Eternity. I, Myrrha Lascaris,
And thou, the Tartar Selim, honour, blood,
Love, all must stand between us! It is thou
Who didst sell me!... Hast thou forgotten that
Thou ow'st thy power to the price they paid thee?
Thou art a leader of wild robbers, banned
By every law. Thou art the enemy of
My God, destroyer of my brethren! Selim,
My word I pledge that I would rather die
With them than live with thee!...

SELIM.

Thou scornest me!

MYRRHA.

I pity thee... 'Tis God's place to absolve!

SELIM.

Thy God is naught to me, and I defy
His thunders! I love thee, and what care I
For Elohim or Christ, for Moses or
Mohammed? Leader of a race oppressed,
I have no faith except in destiny.
Who has no country knows no God! My hate
Is the simoom that sweeps the dread Sahara;

My one oasis, with its chant divine,
Is Myrrha's love. Give me a word of hope:
Decide my fate. For thee I will save Yakoub,
I will forget a murdered father, leave
My injured sister unavenged, and all
To hear that blissful word: "Thy Myrrha does
Not hate thee!..." Surely would my ravished soul
Be touched to penitence! Oh! give me Heaven,
With hope and life!

MYRRHA.

I know thee, Selim! Go!
Thou mak'st me shudder. Wouldst thou then betray
Mohammed? save the Emperor? Such depth
Of perfidy degrades thee 'neath contempt.
Your chiefs will find their sentence writ ere they
Shall reach Belgrade... My love is Yakoub's, yes!
I love him as I thee detest! Go, go!
For I can die; but follow thee? No, never!

SELIM.

Woe then to him!... I hear the clash of arms!
The mine's about to spring. His every drop
Of blood for my vain tears!... And not one cry
Of terror canst thou give?... If I stay here,
He dies!

MYRRHA.

Thou fratricide! Assassin!

(Selim fires a pistol; the shot is followed by a terrible explosion.)

SELIM.

Thus
Am I avenged!... Now let his God to save
Him work a miracle!

MYRRHA, kneels and attempts to strike herself with the dagger.

Lord! pardon me!

SELIM, wresting the dagger form her.

I tell thee thou shalt follow me! Come, come!

(Myrrha falls prostrate on the steps of the altar.—Yakoub appears in the background, holding in his hands a standard.)

SCENE VII

THE SAME; YAKOUB

(Daylight gradually returns.)

YAKOUB.

Selim with her!

MYRRHA, throws herself into his arms.

Yakoub!

SELIM, draws his scimitar.

Be both accursed!

YAKOUB.

I took these colours from thy bandits' hands,
And now the struggle lies betwixt us twain!

SELIM, as he falls upon him.

Die, then!

(His weapon breaks.)

YAKOUB.

Thy rage o'erdoes itself! Fight on,
If so thou wilt; but take another sword,
Or yield thee prisoner!

SELIM.

No, never!

YAKOUB.

Mishap

But renders thee more arrogant; thou art
My captive, as I thine was yesterday;
Only, thou shalt find more indulgence on
My part : my God hath bid me pardon.

SELIM, attempting to stab him.

Mine
Doth ask for vengeance!

(The poniard slips from the breast of Yakoub. Myrrha receives the blow on her arm.)

YAKOUB, piercing him with his sword.

Hold! thou wretch!

SELIM, staggering.

O hell!
Thy hand lacks strength to drive the weapon home.
But I will live... to see my hate contented.

YAKOUB.

Angel of love! twice hast thou saved my life
Art wounded?

MYRRHA.

Oh! 'tis nothing!

SELIM.

Not alone
I die! Within the windings of my shroud
Thou'rt bound, fair slave! Thou art the bride of death.

(He moves away.)

A VOICE without, and from the opposite side.

Yakoub!

YAKOUB.

I hear my father's voice.

SCENE VIII

YAKOUB, JOHN SOBIESKI, SOLDIERS.

JOHN.

At last
I see thee, and unhurt, I hope! Thou dead,
I must have followed thee; but since thou livest,
I live, and am once more myself now I
Have found my son!...

YAKOUB, unfurls the flag.

Dost see my booty?

JOHN.

Ha!
The Prophet's colours! I am jealous of
Thy conquest, son; and here I dub thee knight.
Prince Yakoub, on thy knees...
(He strikes him three times with his sword and gives him the accolade).
Now let the chiefs
And army here assemble.

SCENE IX

THE SAME; JEROME; COLLONITS.

JEROME, out of breath.

But one moment...

JOHN.

What meaneth this?

JEROME, giving him a golden spur.

Admire this trophy!...

JOHN.

Is 't

Some trinket fallen from a fairy casket?
The Vizier's spur!

JEROME.

'Twas taken with his steed,
All covered o'er with jewels. I'd not sell
It for a diadem... and it is yours.

JOHN.

Why so?

JEROME

Because I love you!

JOHN.

I accept!...

(Gives it to an equerry.)

This present to the Queen... tell her that ere
The close of day, a captive Vizier follows.

(The equerry goes out.—Sobieski takes the flag).

And Collonits, these colours to the Pope!
Tell Innocent Eleventh in exchange
We cannon need, and powder. If he aid
Us to o'erpass the summits of the Balkan,
Myself will thank him at the Vatican.

(The Polish national air and joyous cries heard without.)

SCENE X

THE SAME; CHARLES OF LORRAINE; ROGER OF STAREMBERG; THE GRAND HETMAN; DE CROY; MALIGNY; MAURO; HAIDEE; GREEK PRISONERS, GERMAN PRINCES, POLISH CHIEFS, THE ARMY, THE PEOPLE OF VIENNA.

GREEK PRISONERS, as they come in.

Up, sons of Hellas!
Forced how long shall we be

On mount and plain
To wear the chain
And bend the knee?
March on, ye sons of Hellas!
To arms! Be free!

JOHN.

Grand Hetman, I salute thee. Honour to
The eagles white!

COLLONITS.

Fine saviours, garbed in rags!

JOHN.

Their eight-and-twenty days of march have told
Upon their dolmans! Ere to-morrow they 'll
Be robed as Turks.

MAURO.

Here come the brave Albanians.

STAREMBERG.

Sire, the German city's last defenders
Bring I with me: the rest are dead...

JOHN.

I have
Been told as heroes! We will form their escort
Unto Vienna, or to realms of Pluto.

(To his Soldiers).

My Poles! I offer you a battle such
As you are wont to fight. The Prophet's raven
Will shun our Polish eagle; but we 'll reach
Him, if we march like you. Kings, princes, men,
Here is the order of the day for all:
March straight into the Vizier's camp! let each
Remember that, cost what it may, we must

Vienna enter by the breach! Waldeck,
To you the centre; to the right, the cannon;
Lorraine upon the left; and I will be
Among you everywhere. We first must take
The flanks, and then we turn them.

GRAND HETMAN.

I await
Thine orders, Sire...

JOHN.

My friend, but do thy best,
Thou understandest... I must have Vienna,
Or I must die for honour and for faith;
I give thee leave to slay me if I fly,
And if I fall, avenge me!

ALL.

Live the King
John Sobieski!

JOHN.

Whence that [illegible] sound?... Be still!

(The bells in the tower of St. Stephen are heard ringing.)

CHARLES.

It is the Angelus that rings. To Heaven
Vienna renders thanks that thou art come.

JOHN.

O Sun, uncover in the presence of
The Word made flesh! It is September twelfth...
O glorious day... on it was Yakoub born,
Our reign began... and Chocim, and Vienna...
In white our mothers will have written it.

(The army uncover and kneel.)

MAURO, on the thresho'd of the chapel.

By the blood and tears of my proscribed people,
I bless you, soldiers! As the knights of yore
Before Jerusalem, so let us lift
Our souls to God, that He may give to us
Or victory or martyrdom... Amen!

THE ARMY, chanting as it kneels.

Queen of Heaven, Holy Mary,
List our prayer,
List thy warrior-nation, kneeling,
Virgin fair!
Crowned with blossoms, sweetest Mother,
Mystic Rose.
Bless our homes, defend our country,
Be with us!

Thou who watchedst o'er our fathers,
Light ne'er dim,
Bear to Christ, thy Son, our prayer, our
Pious hymn.
O clement Virgin, send us down thy
Glory's sheen;
We will conquer 'neath thy banner,
Heaven's Queen!

(Dazzling daylight illumines the scene.)

JOHN.

Brothers, 'tis day once more! Let Cæsar not
Forget that we have saved him! To Vienna!

THE ARMY.

On, on!

JOHN, springing on his horse.

To come in time is victory.
Ye eagles, white or black, march on! My son,
Here, at my side!

(Exeunt. — Cannonading is heard.)

MAURO, kneeling.

Bless them, Almighty God!

SCENE XI

THE BATTLE

(For large theatres.)

THE SAME; then SELIM; THE TWO ARMIES.

The ramparts are covered with soldiers and citizens. — Yakoub and Jerome pursue the Spahis and drive them into the river. — Maligny orders forward two cannons.

MALIGNY, pointing toward the Vizier's tent.

Aim well at yonder golden crescent... he
Who touches it shall have my watch!

(The cannon is fired, and the crescent falls.)

GUNNER.

'Tis done!

MALIGNY, giving him his watch.

Now break the bridge!

GUNNER, charging the field-piece.

There's no more wadding.

MALIGNY.

Take
My gloves, my wig...Ah! here are some French journals.
Now fire!

GUNNER.

The bridge is going.

SPAHIS, falling into the river.

Allah!

(Giaffar and Selim's Tartars rush in, in disorder, pursued by the Grand Hetman and the King's hussars. — Some cross the Danube swimming, others perish in the waves. — Selim comes in last. He attempts to seize Myrrha. Yakoub brings down his horse with a pistol shot. — Jerome is about to fall upon him.)

YAKOUB, stoping Jerome with a sign.

Yield
Thine arms!

SELIM, breaking his sword.

Behold them!

(He throws the fragments into the stream. — At this moment the King appears, pursuing the Janissaries, commanded by the Pashas of Buda and Silistria. — Stayed by the river, the Janissaries throw away their arms and yield themselves prisoners.)

MAURO.

Myrrha! dearest daughter,
In God's blest name, I call thee Marie. See
This portrait...

MYRRHA.

'Tis my mother!

MAURO.

Glorious King!
My grateful people kneel with me before thee.

THE ARMY, with a cry of triumph.

Victory

JOHN, to Charles.

I would that cry might reach
The Tiber. Victory to our white eagles!
(He embraces Staremberg.)
And now, Vienna's free!

STAREMBERG.

Sire, thou art great
Indeed...

JOHN, uncovering.

My men, now cease your fire. Respect
The prisoners, our brethren in the sight
Of God!

(The two Pashas fall at his feet.)

ACT V

MYRRHA - MARIE

Before the Vizier's tent, as in the first Act. — In the foreground, the flags of the Empire and of the States. — Sentinel behind.

SCENE I

THE EMPEROR LEOPOLD; DE CROY; COLLONITS; COURT OFFICIALS; then STAREMBERG.

OFFICER:

Count Staremberg!

LEOPOLD, to the officer.

Here bide my time!...

(To Staremberg.)

You answer late to our impatience. Hail,
The savior of Vienna!

STAREMBERG.

That in truth's
A title that the King of Poland doth

Far better merit. In my youth, I served
With Wallenstein, and his example formed
Mine inexperience to the trade of war;
In Flanders, seconded by William, prince
Of Orange, did I at Senef the great
Condé just fail to overcome; but in
This age, the bravest man, the master of
Us all, is John Sobieski.

COLLONITS.

As for me,
I know but one lord paramount, one master,
And that's the Emperor.

STAREMBERG.

Ah! Sire, I am
A soldier.

LEOPOLD, ill-humouredly.

Give us then account of your
Deliverance.

COLLONITS.

He is strong in tactics, and
Mayhap in strategy; but policy...

STAREMBERG.

Beginning from the day when Schœnbrunn's gates
Were oped to let your chariot pass...

LEOPOLD.

No need
To dwell on such details.

STAREMBERG.

What words can paint
The picture still existant of those months
Of anguish, when, both standing in the breach,
Dread pestilence and famine called our victors,
And every hope died out within our hearts!
One day, a trumpet from St. Stephen's tower
Announced the coming of a Christian host,
And everywhere was heard the cry of joy:
"'Tis he, King John Sobieski, sent of God!"
Descending as a lava stream the heights,
He rallies every sinking heart. Once more
The castle's cannon open fire, and long
The interval of doubt did seem to men
Almost despairing. Then did Jerome's lances
Spread terror 'mid the Turkish left, and soon
The Hetman followed him, a ram of brass;
The Spahis yield the ground: the Vizier gives
The Prophet's standard into Selim's hands.
Ashamed of their repulse, the Spahis rally,
Return to save their flag, but speedily
Prince Yakoub seizes it, and, sign still more
Of dread, the sun has darkened on the vault
Of heaven. "Behold," said Selim, "what is done
Above!" As 'twere the angel Azrael,
The great Sobieski comes. His looks are lightning,
He flies as doth the eagle to its prey.
Naught can withstand him as with mien majestic
He breaks the threefold wall of men around
The camp. The Vizier grasps his sword, and forth
To combat rushes, followed by the hordes
Of Selim: but in vain! Sobieski triumphs.

He speaks, and day returns. A cloud of blood
And smoke before, behind him, whence a cry
Of mortal terror shakes the welkin—sound
As if an army, dying, gave one gasp,
One death rattle—then all was silent... Soon
The sun, a globe of molten steel, descends
Behind the mountain tops, and floods the peaks
With light... The wretched Selim falls, death in
His soul. The deluge menacing the world
But yestermorn, is stayed against the shield
Of him, the hero whom our sons shall bless,
Whose memory shall live in glory through
All ages yet to come!

COLLONITS, patronisingly.

So be it, so
He renders unto Cæsar what...

DE CROY.

But then,
This deluge, in receding, at our feet
Its Oriental treasures flings : the chains
That Asia forged for us, poor murdered women,
A crowd of living orphans, and the cribs
Of infants floating in the stream;—my son
Dead in my arms... Ah! if triumphant kings
Within their palaces could dare to count
Our tears, perchance they'd hold too dear the price
At which they reign!

LEOPOLD, dryly.

But Duke, one son remains
To you.

COLLONITS.

Upon the castle's tower I saw
Great Rudolph, crowned, and stretching forth his sceptre
As praying for your army...

LEOPOLD.

Truly?

COLLONITS.

In truth.

LEOPOLD.

A certain token of celestial favour!
And the Vizier?

COLLONITS.

'Tis said he died by his
Own hand.

LEOPOLD.

Peace be unto his soul!

COLLONITS.

A Turk?...
An infidel?...

LEOPOLD.

I'm wrong... And Sobieski,
Where is he now?

COLLONITS.

Within the city, with
The Archduke Charles.

LEOPOLD.

Ere our arrival?

COLLONITS.

All
Went with them to St. Stephen's, there to chant
Te Deum...

LEOPOLD.

They waited not for me? You then
Have given permission for this scandal?

COLLONITS.

No,
Your Majesty... but one must will that which
Is willed by a whole people... They ne'er thought
To ask for my permission.

LEOPOLD.

This is then
An insurrection! It must be repressed.

COLLONITS.

Yes, Sire.

LEOPOLD.

Upon my life, this haughty vassal
Must think himself at Warsaw! We did not
His presence need to maintain order, peace
Uphold.

COLLONITS.

No, Sire.

LEOPOLD.

Hence must he soon depart.

COLLONITS.

Yes, Sire.

LEOPOLD.

'Tis said he hath delivered us?
But he hath nothing done.

COLLONITS.

No, Sire.

STAREMBERG, approaching.

Before
He follows in pursuit of flying hosts,
This questionable victor audience asks.

LEOPOLD.

Of me?

DE CROY.

You cannot well refuse this grace...

LEOPOLD, to Collonits.

What think you?

COLLONITS.

But this prince doth stand alone
Of all his race!

STAREMBERG.

You have said well; he stands
Alone

COLLONITS.

The Roman Emperor can cede
But unto God his right.

DE CROY.

This King comes in
God's name.

COLLONITS.

But there are usages... the Court
Has principles by ages consecrated!...

SCENE II

THE SAME; CHARLES OF LORRAINE.

CHARLES.

What do I hear? Upon the very day
When we receive so great a benefit,
To outrage him who serves us? Ah! my lord,
One might believe the enemy beyond
The Bosphorus, a thousand miles away,
And yet, Vienna still is burning! Sire,
Beware of evil counsellors, for they
Will lure you to your ruin. Needs there so
Much baseness in reward for victory?
Unless you wish that history's voice should say
That Leopold the First was envious of
His benefactor;—if you dread that stain
Of infamy should blot your clement reign;—
O Sire, you will heed my words, and here,

And now, the interview will be, before
Us all, before our God!

LEOPOLD.

But how am I
A prince elective to receive?

CHARLES.

Ah! Sire,
With open arms, as doth become a King,
Since he hath saved the empire.

COLLONITS.

With your aid...

LEOPOLD.

Enough, O Collonits! Your services
Already rendered have we overpaid,
And we dispense you from all future labors.
(To Charles.)
Cousin, your frankness honours you; we will
Receive the King...
(Charles makes a sign to an officer, who goes out.)

COLLONITS.

A derogation from
All precedents!

LEOPOLD, to Staremberg.

For you, Count Roger, you
In praising others' merits do forget

Your own; I here adopt your children, and
Confer the order of the Golden Fleece.

STAREMBERG, kneeling.

Ah! Sire...

LEOPOLD, embracing him.

This collar's yours...

CRIES, without.

Long life to John
The Third!

LEOPOLD.

Already!

COLLONITS.

All Vienna's with him!...

SCENE III

THE SAME; JOHN SOBIESKI; YAKOUB; JEROME; MALIGNY; POLISH CHIEFS; GERMAN PRINCES; MAGISTRATES AND BURGHERS OF VIENNA.

Men and women of the populace carry branches and wreaths of flowers which they wave above the heads of Sobieski and of his soldiers, garbed *à la turque*.

JOHN, to the people.

Homage to Leopold, the Emperor
Of Germany!

(Some moments of silence.)

Sire, ere I take my leave
To chase the barbarous Turk from Magyar soil,

I come to render unto Cæsar what
Was Cæsar's;—all his colours, won again,
His people mad with joy, and, touching sight,
A thousand orphans that Vienna sends.

JEROME.

What, not one salutation, even to
The magistrates?

MALIGNY.

In Austria, a good
Conferred but ingrates serves.
(Another pause.)

JOHN.

A dumb prince, this!
(He raises his hand to his moustache; Leopold, thinking he is about to salute him, takes off his hat and then angrily replaces it.)

STAREMBERG, to Sobieski.

Ah! Sire, I envy you, I love and bless!
To you I owe my life, and more, mine honour;
For you alone, God aiding, Christendom
Have saved. If to the worthiest the world's
Proud sceptre should belong, you 're the great King
Whom God would choose.

JOHN, raising him.

Count Roger, God alone
Is great; I came, I saw, but Europe 'tis
Has conquered.

COLLONITS,

From the sons of Amalec
Judea wrested stands. O Joshua!
To you the glory be, and unto him,
The Moses of our day, Pope Innocent
Eleventh!

JOHN.

Unto him be all the honour!
Pope Innocent will surely gladly see
You re-established in your sacred office.
(To Leopold.)
You owe me nothing for this little service,
Sire; my Grand Hetman, if you wish, will give
To you the booty. Come, good Jerome...
(A stir;—Leopold makes a sign.)

STAREMBERG.

Stay!...

LEOPOLD, bitterly.

So great a glory worthily to greet,
We make an offering equivalent
Unto the service rendered. Hungary
A prey is to triumphant vassals. Go,
And there establish order, for your children.

JOHN.

So long as aught remains to do, I count
As nothing what is done. In that, perchance,
I differ from more famous kings. I have
Two sons, but they'll ne'er wear St. Stephen's crown.

Already do I see upon their brows
A crown of thorns. Cæsar and Godfrey have
Mine answer taught; besides, when Austria
Once more shall find within her borders peace,
To Tököly, the rightful heir, reverts
The crown of Hungary.

LEOPOLD.

Count Staremberg,
You see!... But if your highness doth refuse
Our gift, your son will have the courtesy
To accept the Roman Emperor's friendship. We,
The better to cement the bond, will keep
For him the hand of our still infant daughter,
Th' Archduchess Eleonora.

JOHN.

'Tis for him
To make reply.

YAKOUB.

Such choice must honour me,
But I should fear my people to betray
Were I to accept it.

LEOPOLD.

Come then, Collonits,
Let us go hence.

(After a moment of hesitation, he makes ready to depart. — Selim appears before him.)

SCENE IV

THE SAME; SELIM.

SELIM, leaning on a broken sword.

Not yet; one moment, Sire!
If God made kings in his own image, He
Must bear a close resemblance unto Satan. ..
I come to render homage.

LEOPOLD.

Whence this slave?

SELIM.

A slave? Thou sayest rightly. I was born
Beneath thy rule.

DE CROY.

'Tis Selim, the accursed;
The murderer of my son!

SELIM.

A noble name,
I hope; more truly noble than is thine,
Thou murderer of my father!

LEOPOLD.

Ho! ye guards,
Strike home!

SELIM.

No need; behold!

(He uncovers his breast.)

A Sobieski
Has done that work.—It is not Selim now
Who speaks, 'tis Death... and Cæsar, I salute thee,
And thee, prince Charles...

LEOPOLD.

What will you?

SELIM.

I am come
To ask thy mercy for the sons of Arpad
Thine axe hath still left living. 'Hold! my scythe
Is dulled with mowing down thy race... but I...
As Death, may pardon thee... thou mayst like me
Grant mercy. For thy children's sake...

LEOPOLD.

No, never!

SELIM.

Never, sayst thou? That is a cruel word...
But worthy of thy virtue. Ah! beware!...
But no, I weep and pray.

(He takes from his bosom a scroll wrapped in a torn flag.)

In name of these
Three words: — God, Liberty, and Country, on
This fragment writ by Tököly,—revoke
This fell decree, before which hell itself
Had paled... Hast thou not conquered? Is not that
Enough for vengeance? What dost thou need more?

Canst thou show no indulgence! Well? then, justice!
The justice of a righteous God! Behold
This field of battle and yon blazing town,
Then listen to the funeral bells that ring
From out the distance... Cæsar, bow thy head,
'Tis Death that passes...

LEOPOLD hastily uncovering.

Who art thou?

SELIM.

Who—I?
Thy prisoner. One word—the last—ere I
Am free. My name thou knowest well. Go seek
Among thy crimes some sin of blackest dye...
Some victim worthy of thy deep respect,
Of that sweet filial love we owe to those
Who are the nursing-fathers of our souls...
A loyal heart... a nature noble, lofty,
An arm made for the sword...

(He advances.)

I am the son
Of Zrini, foully murdered by his ward.

ALL.

Zrini!

LEOPOLD, to his guards.

Come hither. Stand to my defence!

SELIM, to the guards.

One step, and this keen poniard ends his days!

(With one hand he holds the poniard to the breast of Leopold; with the otherhe seizes both his hands. The guards fall back.—To Leopold.)

There's no escape for thee! 'Tis Death that holds
Thee in his strong embrace. To him thou'st made
Such august offerings thou canst not fear
His grasp... O horror! See this blood upon
Thy brow!

LEOPOLD, at his feet.

Have mercy!

SELIM.

Germans, see your Lord,
A Nero crowned with palms Tiberian;
Behold his blood-stained hand! He slew my father!
Yes, slew the man whom Ferdinand, his sire,
Had made his guardian... Here the accuser stands,
And here the unjust judge, and there his tool,
The chaplain, spectral figure, wearing the
Red ribbon... Piously they murdered him,
And secretly. Since that night, when they say
Their prayers, blood trickles from their clasped hands...
I, kill thee?—Never!—Go!

(He looses his hold.)

Dost see this sword,
This fragment of a weapon that doth show
The Habsburg arms, a severed head? It is
My crutch... I fling it at thy ~~thy~~ feet; and if
Th' imperial purple asks more Magyar blood,
Wipe it!... Then live thou long, that thy smooth brow
May blush and burn beneath the name I hurl
At thee of parricide! Live long, that thou,
Like me, mayst see thy country ravaged, see
It beg the aid of some new Sobieski,
And know thy sons, the heirs of all thy power,

Banished from their domain, unpitied, cursed
By history's voice... I, Zrini, I, thy vassal,
To avenge my country will have done it all...
I die content.

JOHN.

Let clemency, O Sire,
Henceforth reign in your soul. A better future
Before your people open ; let your rule
Be just, repair the evils done : so prays
A king not unbeloved by his own nation.
Ah! would you prove you come of Cæsar's race,
Pronounce the kind word, amnesty. A man
Proscribed, whom death hath stricken, is no more
An enemy. Beneath the judgment write
The pardon.

LEOPOLD.

But your royal highness could
Not think it right I should permit to spread
Even here, beneath mine eyes, the spirit of
Revolt, of which this bandit chief was fit
And model champion. If he repent,
And dies as doth become a Christian, I
Forgive his crimes.

SELIM.

Thine office do, O headsman!
Forbear to jeer thy victims!

LEOPOLD, to Collonits.

Lord Chief-Justice,
He's yours to deal with.

SELIM.

Take my blood ; thou shalt

Not have my soul!...

(Exit Leopold with his guards. — The people slowly depart. — Sentinels in the background.)

SCENE V

THE SAME; except LEOPOLD, COLLONITS, STAREMBERG, and the Court Suite; then MAURO, MYRRHA, and HAIDEE.

SELIM.

E'en as he goes, his lips
Still utter dooms of death. But my revenge
Is prompt! Thou seekest glory, and receiv'st
But shame!... And this is not the end... To-morrow
Thou'lt know if ever German could be friend
To a true Pole. Oh! 'tis indeed a stroke
Of genius to have saved the Emperor : I
Have won the headsman's blow, but thy reward
Is ignominy!

A GERMAN PRINCE.

And for us, no shred,
No bone even from the festal table!

A SECOND PRINCE.

Let
Us leave this Cæsar to his happy fate!

FIRST PRINCE.

This Leopold doth owe us all so much,
He can but pay in outrages

SECOND PRINCE.

And we,
For kings more plenteously provided, will
Reserve our valour.

ALL.

Let us go!
(A movement of departure.)

JOHN, to Jerome.

By God's
Death on the cross, I charge thee seize those laggards!
Bad soldiers always make good pillagers!...
The work half done, you quit the cause? And have
You chosen me for chief, the King of Poland,
And now would throw dishonour on my name?
This is a trap indeed! But I will end
What I've begun without ye. You, Lorraine,
Will follow me?

CHARLES.

To the world's end!

DE CROY.

And I
The same!

ALL.

And all of us.

SELIM.

Allah confound
This wizard! He but speaks, and, lo! his voice
Revives the dead.

JOHN.

You all will follow me?

ALL.

All! all!

JOHN.

March on, then, to Byzantium!... To
The Christian Orient a limit we
Must fix; our common danger is not from
The Islamite, but Russian... Yakoub, son!
At break of day we march! Till then I cede
My rights to love's.

(He and the chiefs remount.)

YAKOUB.

If Myrrha wills it so...

MYRRHA.

Ah! if my heart could speak! What joy can lack
Since I am to be thine for ever. Ere
I knew thee, I think I must have loved thee... Now
Indeed, I wish to live...

YAKOUB

But what is this?

MYRRHA.

I know not... Ah! this happiness that fills
My soul too pure is, too divine, to be
Aught but a dream... I would that I could yield
Myself to it without affright .. but 'tis

In vain... And should it be delusion, shouldst
Thou, friend, return alone unto the land
That gave my mother birth... this flower take...
Thy generous gift, thou knowest... thou wilt be
Beloved by some other... think of me...
Be happy!

YAKOUB.

Whence that shudder... and in tears?

MYRRHA.

My heart's on fire... the flaming dart hath reached
My very soul... What torture .. Yakoub... Ere
I die...

(She laughs convulsively)

SELIM, approaching.

Ah! well.

YAKOUB.

What! Selim!

SELIM.

No, 'tis Death
That steps between ye and will have its prey.
Thou didst not, then, foresee the blow that strikes [thee?
Young man, thou little knewest Selim! Didst
Thou think that he would let thee keep her, living?
Vain fool!... O Myrrha, pardon me!... Is't not
Most cruel thus to die when life most smiles?
Poor flower, the Orient's sweetest blossom,

Before the sunrise broken! Bliss so near,
And yet thou diest with thy love! But if
Thou wilt, I still can save; upon thy lips
Some drops of this elixir poured will calm
Thy fever; thou wilt live when I am gone:
There is no other cure, and it is thine
For but one word of pardon, one kind look...

MYRRHA, dying.

Yakoub... I love thee!

SELIM, breaking the vial.

Be it so!... then die!

MAURO, coming forward.

My child! O Marie!

SELIM.

Come ye all; my hate
Is truer than his love. . The skies might now
Descend around her, but would have no power
To save... This weapon, once a friendly gift
From mountain Emir...

JOHN.

Speak thou on!

SELIM.

Is poisoned...
What sayest to that, O Sobieski? and thou,
Prince Yakoub? Glory you may have, and greatness,
But I have better... vengeance!

ACT V.

MAURO, his hand on Myrrha's heart.

Dead!

SELIM, tearing away his bandage.

No more
Lives Selim, and I die John Zrini. Thine
My body, Danube, while my soul shall seek
The infinite. O rulers, peoples, quit
Your frivolous strifes! Be free!

(He throws himself into the river.)

JOHN.

Just God... these words
Accomplish!

YAKOUB.

Marie, stay, I'll follow thee!

(He is about to throw himself on his sword.

JOHN, preventing him.

Thou must live, Yakoub! Come, in Poland's name,
Rest in mine arms; as final triumph learn
To prize true glory more than human love,
And, more than glory, love thy country's good!

(The flags are lowered over Myrrha.)

NOTE

" Ahmed Kiuperly was dead, and Kara Mustapha, his brother-in-law and the favorite of the Sultan, had inherited the Grand Seal of the Empire. He had just been married to a daughter of Mohamed IV. when the Polish Ambassador first set foot on Ottoman soil... Since then the Turk has ceased to be for Europe and object of dread. The fall of Candia, from the shock which it created the world was still quaking, and that of the strongholds of Upper Hungary, had rendered Italy vulnerable both from north and the south. Islamism, in its eternal march onwards, seemed to be fatally progressing towards Europe. The invasion of Kara Mustapha was looked upon as a consequence of that destructive and unavoidable overflow. John Sobieski appears and the torrent is stemmed. There is something of heroical, of miracouleus, in his victories — something disinterested and very profitable to humankind. They put an end to a conflict simultaneously watched by Aureng Zeb while pursuing his conquests in Asia and by Penn while edicting his virtuous code of laws to the New World. The praises of the new Maccabæus were sung in every church throughout Christendom, they were consecrated by academicians in their learned dissertations, and the

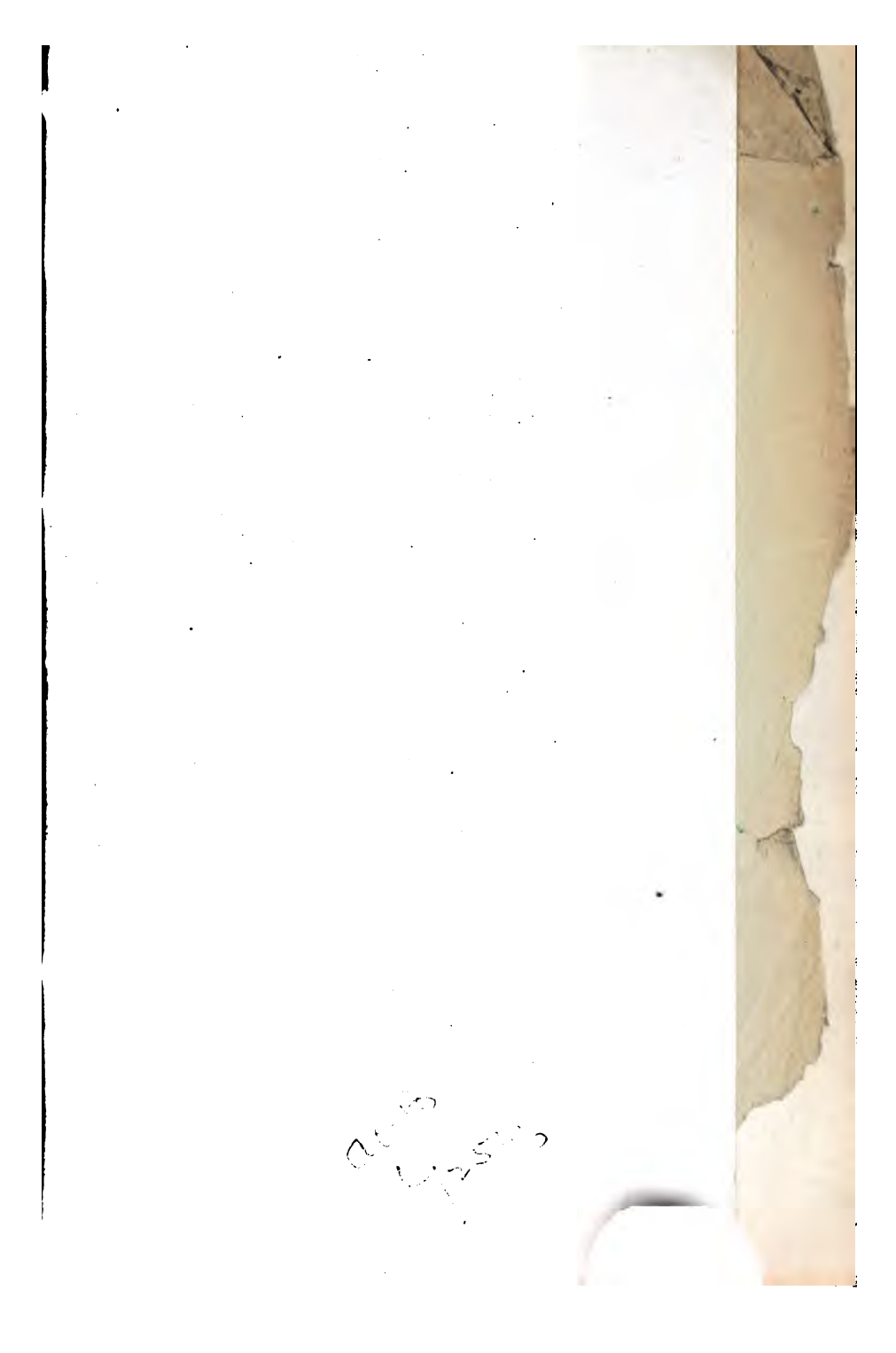
poets, with the questionable taste of the age they lived in, derived inspiration from the triumphs of John and of Jesus Christ. *A distich came from France! (Vide* EPIGRAPH.*)*—a bishop was bold enough to pen it—otherwise the whole of our literature was silent. It is worthy of remark that nowhere in it is to be seen a trace of the name of John Sobieski, whereas it is everywhere mentioned by the Italian, English and German poets of the period. It is because adulators, ever ready to heap their base flattery on kings, had thought fit to show jealousy of the Polish hero in order to pay their court to Louis XIV., and it must be admitted that Louis XIV. was guilty of provoking such an injurious homage."—*(Histoire de Jean Sobieski,* par A.-N. de Salvandy; t. II., l. vii.)

Printed by MORRIS and Son, 64, Rue Amelot.

Page 24. "named", instead of "said".
" 26. Ishmael's for Ishmale's
" 32. No comma in last line but one.
" 33 Last two lines "mouth" and "pipe".
" 42. dele "so".
" 60. "I" to be put in.
" 63. dele "a"
" 65. put in "I" before "or".
" ". dele comma in 4th line from foot.
Page 69. dele "But".
" 84. last line "Upon."
" 90. dele "and"
" 97. 3d line from end. "Is he the Hetman, and" etc.
" 109. dele "far."
" 110. "our" instead of "out".
" 111. "Ye" for "Ye"
" 130. dele thy where doubled.

(of the whole Book

General Index.)



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